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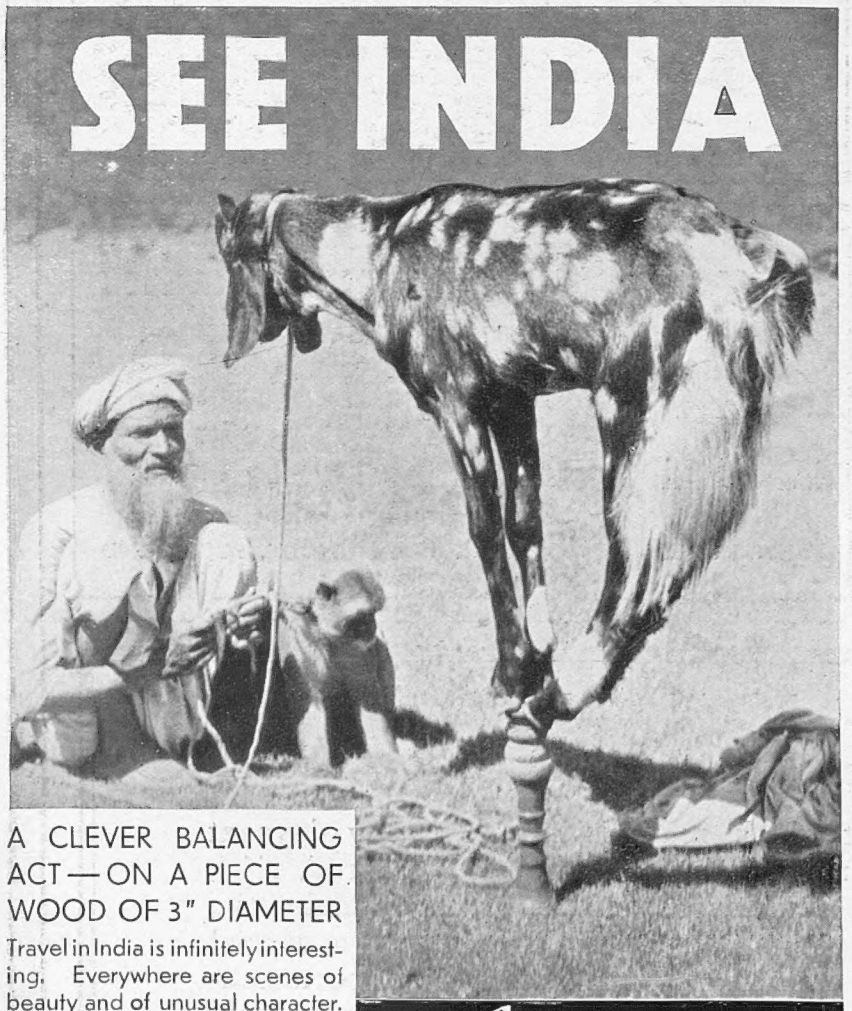

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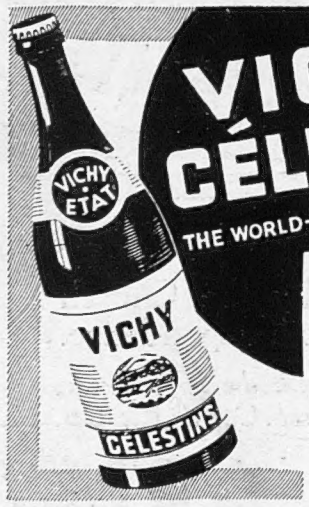

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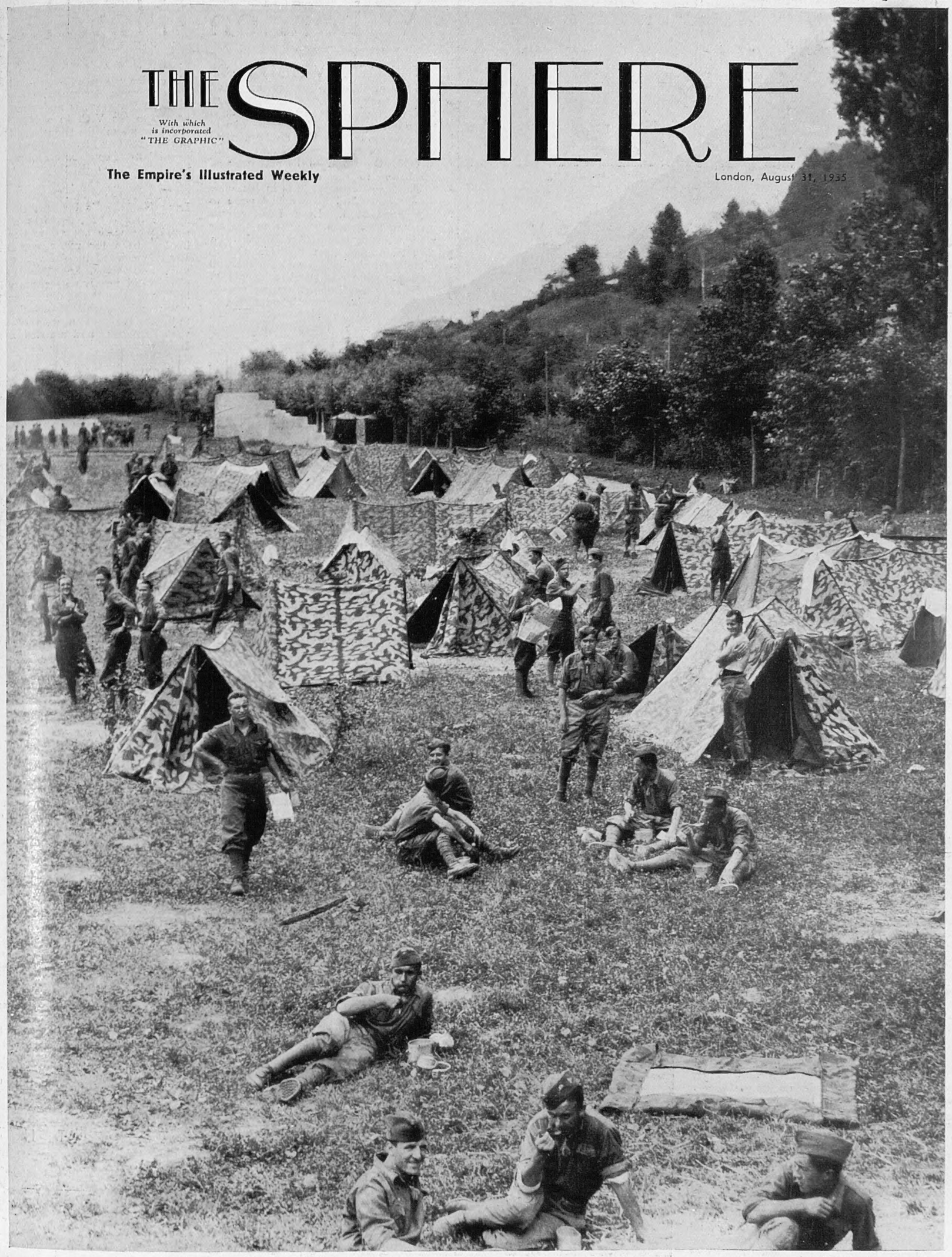

Italy's Vast Alpine Manœuvres

A Mountain Camp with Camouflaged Tents near the Brenner Pass

It is interesting to recall at this juncture that Signor Mussolini once declared that "Italy with its living and its dead stands erect at the Brenner Pass" for it was near this key position, on the Northern Italian frontier, that there began last week the most important and elaborate military manœuvres that have taken place for many years. Tens of thousands of men have been encamped on the wooded slopes, and mimic battles have been staged which have been designed not only to test the capabilities in mountainous country of the newly mechanised army, but to demonstrate to Europe that Italy still has sufficient troops to defend her own borders in spite of the absence of a quarter of a million troops in Eritrea and Somaliland. British journalists who have visited the "war zone" have been particularly impressed by the Italian army's knowledge of the art of camouflage, and of the way in which each detachment of this huge force has hidden itself away in the hills and found cover from "enemy" aircraft. *(See also p. 305)*

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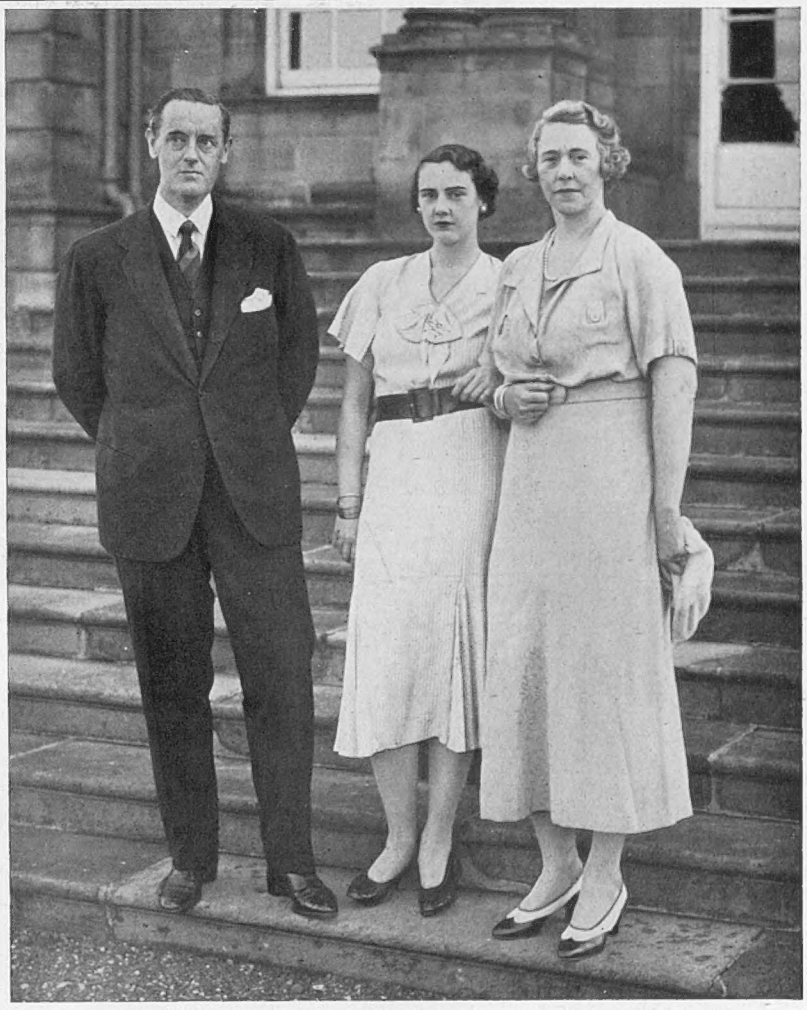
THE QUEEN IN YORKSHIRE: During her stay with her daughter, the Princess Royal, at Harewood House Her Majesty motored over to Pontefract, and is seen in this picture as she left an antique shop which she visited in the town



THE VICEROY-DESIGNATE AT HIS SCOTTISH HOME: The Marquess of Linlithgow, who will succeed Lord Willingdon in April of next year, posing for a picture on the steps of Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, with his wife and their eldest daughter, Lady Anne Hope. The Marquess has had considerable practical experience of conditions in India, having spent over two years travelling up and down the country in his capacity as chairman of the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture. He is forty-eight years old

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 28, 1935.

AN INEVITABLE CRISIS.—

It is serious indeed, but most of us knew weeks ago that it was inevitable. The recent "triumph" at Geneva was nothing but a putting-off. It enabled European statesmen to start on a holiday which they never expected to see out. Mussolini's intentions have been clear for months, as clear as the dilemmas on the horns of which he sits. He is "determined to support the League but to do so usefully he must first be secure in his colonial policy." To secure safe expansion for his surplus population he must smash Abyssinia, and he means to try. He is alive to the importance of conserving his friendship with France and he leaves France on the horns of a worse dilemma. If the League does not now enforce the sanctions (vague as they are) which the Covenant provides, the League can shut up shop amid the titters of the crowd. If those sanctions are enforced, Italy leaves the League, industrial reconstruction is put back for a decade, and the political, industrial, and military possibilities in Europe and the East are impossible to foresee. France may have to choose between Italy and England, between abandoning or practically supporting her constant policy of upholding the League. Britain and France are both vitally concerned in the effect on the black races of either the "betrayal" or the military success of Abyssinia. In Britain public opinion shows a majority for enforcing the League's economic sanctions whatever they may be, and whatever they may entail. The mad dog of Europe has brought the holiday spirit to a sudden and terrible end, and only the fact that there is still a little time to go before the dogs of war are loosed again, and the fact that it is impossible to prophesy the next moves, justify one in continuing in the holiday vein, at least until September 4. We shall return to an autumn and winter of appalling gravity and we are right to get what light relief and recreation we can meanwhile.

THE LITTLE VICTIMS PLAY.

—The principal Ministers of State filtered back to London on Wednesday to concert measures and policy to meet the unknown and awful possibilities of the coming weeks. Mr. Baldwin came back from Aix, silent and grim. Mr. MacDonald from his native place, admitting to the reporters that the situation was more serious in his view than any we had been called upon to face since 1914. Lord Londonderry was caught by a message from the air while yachting round the Hebrides and took train south from Mallaig. Others came from the moors and seaside and foreign resorts to spend a couple of hours of grave discourse during which, since the possibilities are so infinite, so complex, and so unforeseeable, and the complications of European diplomacy so intricate, no cut-and-dried plans could possibly be thrashed out. What were they discussing? It is impossible to believe that military questions concerning Egypt's right to defend the headwaters of the Nile, the movement of Egyptian battalions to Khartum, or the Egyptian Air Force to Gambela, and similar warlike possibilities, can yet dare to raise their heads. Truly all other subjects which fill the paper at this season of the year are very small beer indeed. Perhaps it is not so dreadful as it seems. It is the unknown that always looms so terrible, and never was the future so obscure. The little victims of a sick civilisation appear to be playing but perhaps after all it is not to be their last game.

G.-G. OF AUSTRALIA.—

Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, as anticipated, has been appointed to succeed Sir Isaac Isaacs as Governor-General of Australia. When Sir Isaac was appointed, it was commonly assumed that Australia would never again revert to a King's representative from the Mother-Country. Sir "Sandy" is the "next best thing," for he has almost identified himself with Australia since the war and his choice was urged down-under, where he is enormously popular. He is a brother of Lord Ruthven, is an eminent soldier who won his V.C. in a Nile campaign when in his middle twenties. He is now in the sixties and has little to learn of his new job or of conditions and personalities in Australia.

The death of Mr. Edward Lascelles, Lord Harewood's brother, at the early age of forty-eight, came as a shock to those who were not aware how very ill he had been for many months. Like Lord Harewood he did very well in the war, and since, he identified himself closely and keenly with country interests and with the Bramham Moor hounds, traditionally associated with the Lascelles family. He was a man of taste and varied interests and married a niece of Lord Balfour.

ROAD CASUALTIES: THE GRIM TRUTH.—

The August holiday figures of death on the road had a surprising effect on some of the more weighty and complacent Press organs. They tumbled suddenly to the grim truth, which some of us have been hammering in for months past. Hard as Mr. Belisha has worked, he has accomplished nothing at all in reducing road deaths or injuries. His statistics, assuming they are of any help, prove that there is no improvement since last August. More than a year ago some of us repeatedly urged that the problem was one of adequate correction of offenders, be they motorists, cyclists, or pedestrians; that the police available are totally inadequate, and that nothing but a suitable organisation of "specials," invested with emergency powers and drawn from responsible types of citizens, will ever do the trick of bringing the prime offenders to book. In 1934 I put forward the idea of giving to magistrates throughout the country emergency powers (not merely to report which is the duty of any citizen), but to "hold up" offenders taken in *flagranti delicto*. At the moment the citizen's duty to report gross offences against the code is often made as disagreeable as possible, not only by certain magistrates but by the police. The reporters are treated sometimes as "sneaks" as "un-British," and are put to unnecessary inconvenience and expense. At last, the idea of a civilian force of specials is acclaimed as novel and brilliant. The citizens must save themselves. Well, the idea is not so new and is only tardily acclaimed as sound. In my view, the common duty of every citizen to report should be made as easy and pleasant as possible, and special identification signs should be given to all existing magistrates and special constables who are motorists, cyclists, or pedestrians, with certain plenary powers of stopping, admonishing, and, if need be, "officially" reporting offenders. Bad as the road casualties are in the States, they are worse here, and one of the reasons is that in the States the proportion of cars to population is still far higher than here and the danger of taking the road is more universally and constantly before the eyes of motorists; another reason is, that in this country road patrolling by police is not so well organised—nor so constant.

THE GREAT HEAT IN SCOTLAND.—

The heat in Scotland last week was abnormal and embarrassing. One is not equipped for it. Shooting clothes are not planned for such temperatures and for "earthquake weather," and it is no joke to carry a heavy bag of cartridges, two guns, and other impedimenta over miles of torrid heather from one line of butts to another, with a temperature of 80 deg. in the shade. Pitying myself, I spared pity for loaders and beaters. The grouse themselves are dozy, and many coveys are passed over even by a strong posse of beaters, which indicates that the second shoots will be as successful as some of the first have been. Mr. Morgan has carried off the palm so far with a wonderful record for four days' shooting in which the Duke of York took part; Mr. Ivan Cobbold got the wonderful bag of 480 brace at Millden; and Lord Peel's party has done very well at Meallmor, but in the latter district the grouse

are patchy. One drive showed a good stock, an adjoining drive would reveal only too clearly the effect of the late snowstorms. Meallmor largely escaped, Moy caught the worst of it. There are signs also of disease, though the heather looks wonderful and there is abundance of feed. I shall confidently expect some good bags late in the season. Meanwhile it is beach-wear weather and heavy-nailed shoes, thick stockings, and tweeds are a weariness of the flesh.

THE BEST GAME SHOTS.—The *S. and D.* symposium on the best living game shots has aroused the greatest holiday interest, and fluttered the dovecots on a score of grouse moors where noted shots have forgathered. But the issue, if it be seriously examined, must be narrowed and exactly defined. An age limit must be fixed. Otherwise such famous shots as Sir Harry Stonor, who is now too blind to do much shooting, must be included in any list on their reputations. Then again, the best dozen must be chosen on their "all-round" efficiency; that is, with driven grouse, partridges, and high pheasants. A noted shot, who is staying here where I write, has worried the matter out and gives me the following indisputable seven who are all under fifty and over forty, and are guaranteed as all-rounders (duck and marsh shooting excepted): the Hon. George Herbert, Ivan Cobbold, P. Pearson-Gregory, R. Basset, H. A. Brown, Sir Ian Walker, and Lord Dalkeith. I would add Lord Eldon. Within the given definition these are indisputably first rate. I have shot with five of them, and agree. But then, if it comes to that, I have also shot with Mr. Guy Charteris, Mr. Arthur Hoare, Lord Aberdare, and Mr. E. Foljambe, and seen them in "first-dozen form."

"OLD GROUSE" IN THE DINING ROOM.—They spend each year large sums to bring the first grouse of the season from the Yorkshire moors to the gourmet-patrons of the *Lucullus* restaurants of London. I often wonder if it be money well-spent. If the first grouse be young and fat and is cooked by a *cordon bleu*, it is indeed, with the *right* breadcrumbs and bread sauce, a pleasant change. But only a change. It can never at its best equal a domestic chicken. It is miles behind a fat hen pheasant and even a partridge. At its worst, it is veritable sawdust. After a week in Scotland, especially in a lodge where it is the staple backbone of every meal, I refuse it unseen. I rank it with the blackcock from cold storage, such as was wont to be served to schoolboys. For sheer insipidity, mere solidity and tough or stringy at that, give me an old cock-grouse, served up by a plain cook with french beans in a Highland lodge. He is very pleasant to shoot. But he gets his revenge when the venue is changed and he meets his enemy face to face at the dinner table. Then the sportsman begins to regret that wonderful right and left which raked from the sky two old cocks travelling like meteors. The acquaintance should end on the moor.

MACLEOD AND DUNVEGAN.—Dunvegan, one of the oldest inhabited castles in Britain, is once again under the shadow of death. Sir Reginald Macleod who was nearly ninety, died there last week. He succeeded his brother, who also lived to an immense age and at the end of his life, when he did the honours of Dunvegan, seemed almost coeval with that extraordinary sea-fortress on the rocky coast of Skye. Parts of Dunvegan are certainly 1,000 years old. Until comparatively "modern" times it had no entrance but from the sea. In it are preserved the fairy flag of the Macleods—a thing of cobweb—many queer relics of the "social life" of St. Kilda's, of which the family were formerly lords, some intimate wearing apparel of Flora Macdonald and Dr. Johnson's famous "Collins" after his visit there with Boswell which is described in *A Tour of the Hebrides*. Old Macleod was a laird of the old school. Sir Reginald was a man of affairs. He had held office under Government and been director of many important commercial undertakings. More than once, before he succeeded, he was able to rescue from the auction room family heirlooms sacrificed to the necessity of the times. In a sense he was the last of his line. After him will come a very distant relative to assume the responsibilities of twenty-seventh chieftain.

THE PASSING OF A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN: Mourners from all parts of England and Scotland, as well as crofters and fishermen of the island, accompanying the coffin of Sir Reginald Macleod of Macleod to Kilmuir Cemetery, Skye, where he was laid to rest last Saturday. Sir Reginald, who was eighty-eight years of age, was the 26th Chief of the Clan Macleod, and his home, Dunvegan Castle, which was visited by the Duke of York in 1933, is said to be the oldest inhabited dwelling-place in the kingdom

LONDON'S COLOURED POPULATION IN CONCLAVE: Typical members of the vast crowd that gathered in Trafalgar Square last Sunday for a mass meeting organised by the "Society of International African Friends of Ethiopia" to protest against the existing embargo on the export of arms to Abyssinia which, the speakers pointed out, is seriously jeopardising the Emperor's cause

THE TINY-TOTS PARADE AT SOUTHEND CARNIVAL: A self-possessed quartette including four-year-old Miss 1935, whose air of sophistication created general amusement

HOLIDAY READERS.—One of the pleasantest anticipations of the year is a request from some readers of the "Newsletter" for a list of really good books for holiday reading. The expected request has come again. I leap joyfully up to answer it, with the time-honoured preface that holidays are an opportunity as well as a necessity, an opportunity to improve, while relaxing the mind. Ergo, holiday reading should not be the same thing as workaday reading. Workaday reading is rightly the reading of current literature for those who wish to keep abreast of modern thought. Holiday reading should be a nice choice of classic literature covering subjects suitable for holiday conditions—adventure, the open-air, the sea, the classic thriller, the historical novel, history without tears, biography without politics. Here is a list of 100 per cent. successes for you: Stevenson's *St. Ives*, *Treasure Island*, *Master of Ballantrae*. Somerville and Ross's *The Real Charlotte*. Stanley Weyman's *Chippinge*, *The Great House*. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, *The White Company*. Conrad's *Chance*, *Typhoon*, *Nigger of the Narcissus*. Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, and Thackeray's *Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*. Sea-stories: Clark Russell's *Wreck of the Grosvenor*. Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachelot*. Or that immortal sea-tale, *Two Years Before the Mast* (the name of the author has slipped my memory and I am away from reference books). Thrillers: Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*. W. Collins' *Moonstone*. History without tears: Froude's *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*, *Spanish Story of the Armada*.

THE "CITY" SLUMPS.—The holiday boom on 'Change which post-war custom has made us expect, received a severe check when the Abyssinia trouble raised its horrid head again. It proved, what one knew, how purely sentimental and artificial that familiar August-September boomlet is. I was watching one particular sound industrial counter which has been steadily rising a few pence a day for weeks past, rising on the merits of its trading and on the sound financial policy and position of the company, which is not remotely connected with the area of the trouble, and can neither gain nor lose directly or immediately by hostilities. When the boomlet started, the shares rose daily rather higher than before. Then came the slump of last week, and in two days my particular pigeon had shed all its feathers. Year after year I say to myself: "There will be an artificial boomlet in August–September. Sell as soon as you can see a reasonable profit and buy back again in mid-September." But I never take my own advice.

THE FINAL TEST.—The last Test match in my poor view put the lid on international cricket. Certainly, to be fair to South Africa; it proved that her chosen team and reserves were more than a match for all England to-day. But the tour proved also that all international cricket is acting as the curse of the great game; that the programmes of visiting teams are far too heavy; that all star cricketers are stale to softness through the foolish fashion of playing non-stop winter and summer; and finally that, as long as British amateurs continue to be coached in boyhood by retired star-professionals, so long will the true spirit of cricket be watered down, and the policy of ca-canny, with one eye on those fatal statistics, be the guiding principle of a once great and lighthearted recreation.

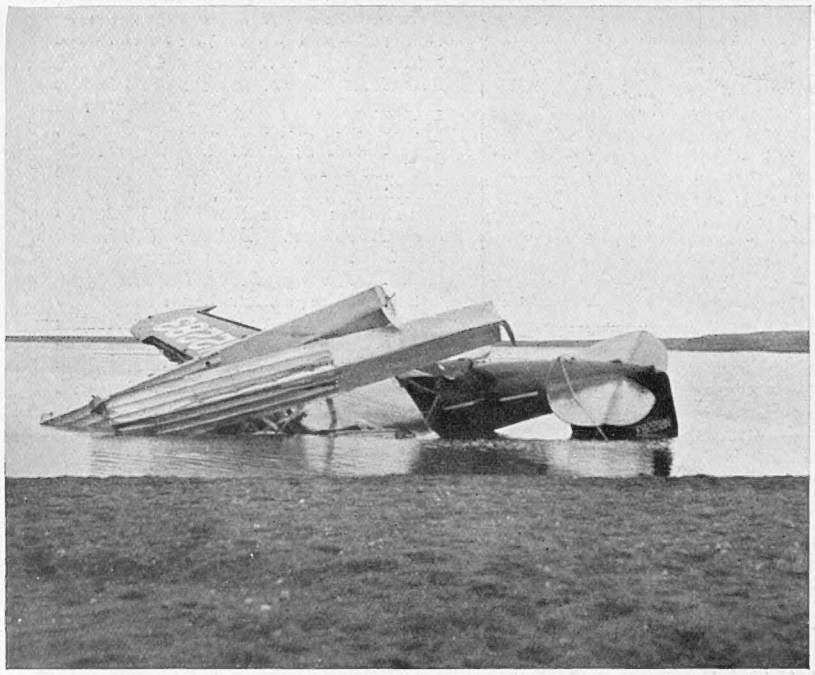
THE OLD STAGER.

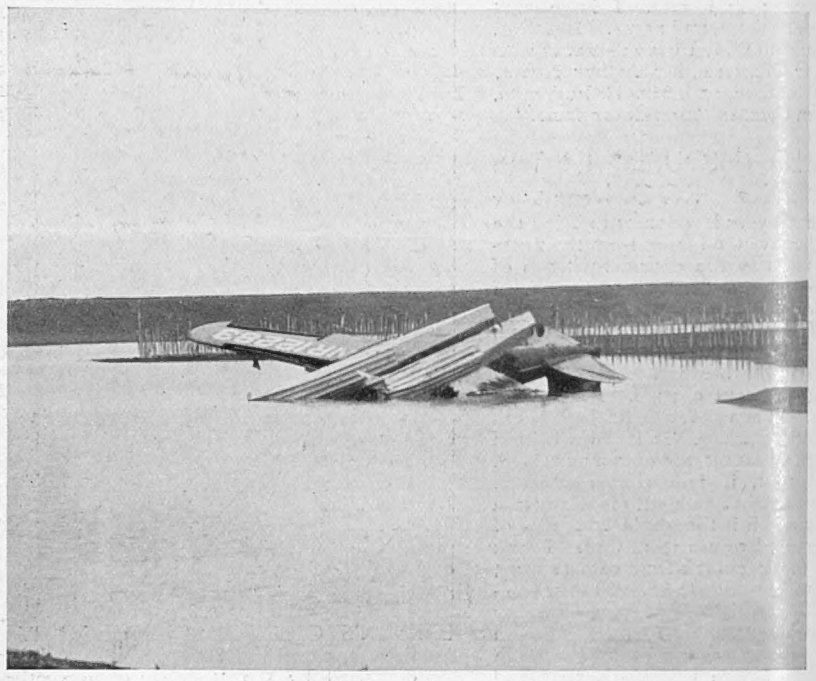
THE LAST PICTURE OF GARETH JONES BEFORE HIS CAPTURE

Where Wiley Post and Will Rogers Crashed to Death — The Battle of the Marne Re-fought

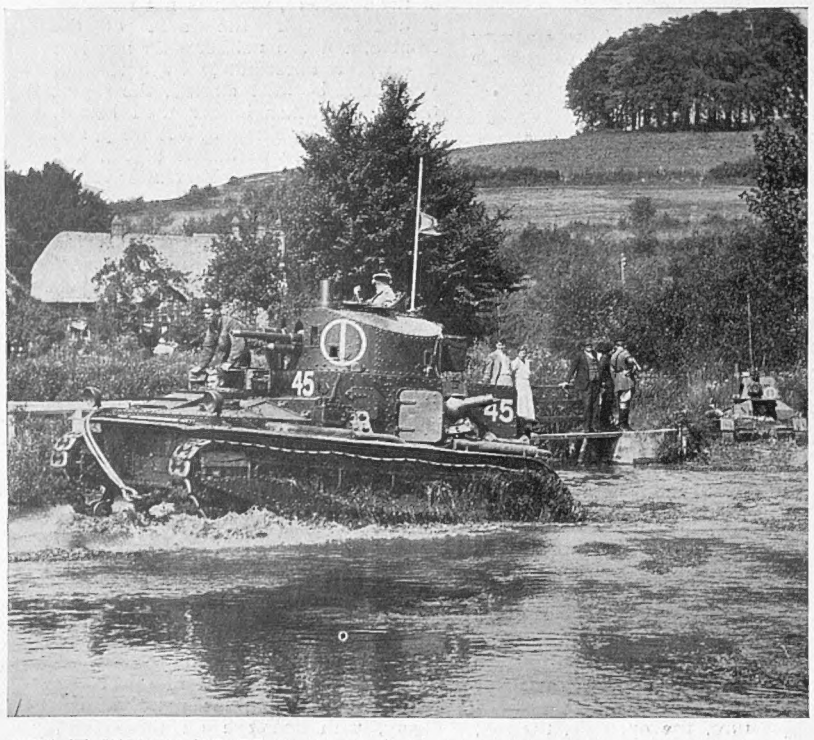
A VICTIM OF CHINESE LAWLESSNESS: Gareth Jones, the British newspaper correspondent, seated with a Mongol priest outside the yurt of Prince Teh Wang, the leader of the Mongolian Independence Movement. A few days after this picture was taken Mr. Jones was captured by bandits in Eastern Chahar, and was then held to ransom but murdered before the ransom money arrived

IN FORTUNE'S FAVOUR: Dr. Herbert Müller (*centre*), a German newspaper man whose headquarters are at Pekin, seen with two Mongolian leaders whom he visited in company with Gareth Jones. It was on their return that the two journalists fell into the hands of bandits, but Dr. Müller was released a day or two afterwards, whereas his companion was held captive and eventually shot





TRAGEDY IN THE FAR NORTH: Two views of the wreckage of the monoplane in which Wiley Post, the one-eyed airman and hero of two round-the-world flights, and Will Rogers, the famous American film star and humorist, crashed to their deaths at Point Barrow, Alaska, during the early stages of a flight which they planned to make to Moscow, via the North Pole. All America is to-day mourning these two outstanding men, and plans are already on foot to provide a fitting memorial to them



HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: A tank (*left*) crossing the River Test, and (*right*) men checking the efficiency of a tank's wireless set. Two pictures taken in Hampshire last week when the 1st Tank Brigade took part in an elaborate mimic battle which was of particular interest, as an attempt was made to reproduce the situation at the Battle of the Marne in 1914 and to discover if tanks could have taken better advantage than cavalry of an opportunity presented by a lapse on the part of the enemy

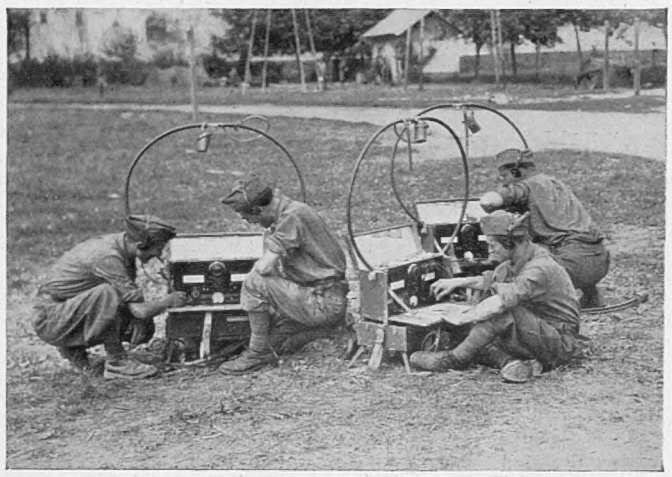
200,000 ITALIAN TROOPS NEAR THE BRENNER PASS

A Great Concentration of the Home Forces for the Alpine Manœuvres

BOUND FOR THE DOLOMITES: Blackshirt Militia on their way to the "war" zone to the south of the Brenner Pass, Northern Italy, where they have been engaging in a series of elaborate manœuvres which have been watched by both Signor Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel

A FIELD TELEGRAPH POST: Keeping in touch with headquarters during the advance by means of a portable wireless set

LIGHT TANKS GOING INTO ACTION: Whippets moving forward over broken ground during an attack launched by the Blue Army against the Red Army. The machines were cleverly camouflaged with branches of trees



TESTING PORTABLE WIRELESS SETS AFTER ASSEMBLY: This equipment, which was much in evidence during the manœuvres, appears to be much heavier than it is, as a set can be carried on his back by one man without any great difficulty

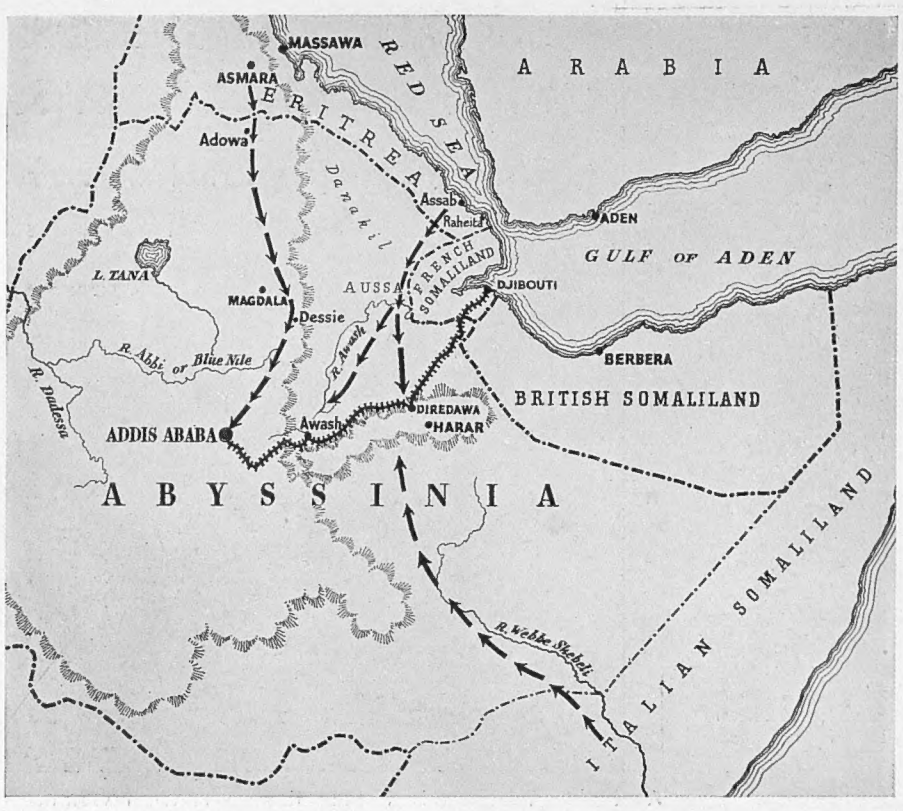
MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY: A gun being assembled in readiness for an attack

INFANTRY ADVANCING UNDER COVER: A picture that gives an excellent idea of the nature of the country in which the exercises have been taking place. Note the man receiving a message on the portable wireless apparatus on the right

EXCEPT to those closely in touch with Italian affairs it is a matter for considerable surprise that Italy should be able to stage manœuvres on a gigantic scale within her own boundaries when at the same time at least a quarter of a million of her troops are away on foreign service in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. But such is the case and a total of 300,000 men have been engaged in the military exercises which started simultaneously last week at Udine, Bergamo, and Naples, while a further 200,000 have been at work near the Brenner Pass. This great show of strength has made it apparent that even if Signor Mussolini is handicapped on account of limited finances he is seeing to it that his army shall be deficient neither in numbers nor efficiency, and that if the occasion arises he will be able to prevail through sheer weight of man-power in the campaign in East Africa to which he now seems to have definitely pledged his country. The most important of the four manœuvres are those near the Brenner, and it has been stated officially that these "are intended particularly to provide a practical study in mountain country of two phases of battle—firstly, the attack pushed to the limit, and secondly, the exploitation of success in such a way as to disorganise the enemy, and create a strategical situation which would allow afterwards of the opening of a new battle under much more favourable conditions."

Where Will Mussolini Strike?

The Principal Routes of Attack that are Open to Him in the Event of War



A POTENTIAL THEATRE OF WAR: A sketch map of Abyssinia and the surrounding territories showing by arrows possible routes along which, in the event of hostilities, the Italian attacks may be launched. General de Bono, a former Minister of the Colonies, is Commander-in-Chief in Eritrea, and General Graziani, the conqueror of Tripolitania, holds the corresponding post in Italian Somaliland. The latter will have the harder task as he has fewer troops and will also have more difficult country to cross

WITH the rainy season now quickly coming to an end in Abyssinia, and with the possibilities of a peaceful settlement between Rome and Addis Ababa becoming every day more remote, it is time to consider which will be the probable move of Mussolini's army for the conquest of the black Empire.

Three principal routes of attack are open to the Italians—south-west, north-west, and north-east.

A fourth route was followed by Sir Robert Napier sixty-seven years ago, when he led the famous expedition culminating in the fall of Magdala's fortress and the suicide of the cruel Emperor Theodorus. It is doubtful, however, whether the same route—which started from Zula on the Red Sea and cut across the mountainous country of Tigre—could be so successfully used in the present circumstances. Sir Robert's expedition was in fact not merely welcomed by all European countries whose subjects had been imprisoned by the xenophobe Emperor, but even by many of the Abyssinian tribes who feared the usurper, and were pleased to see British forces coming to their rescue from a hated oppressor.

To-day a march through Tigre would be overloaded with danger even for a modern and well-equipped expedition, and the ground would be unsuitable even for the mechanical wing of the Duce's army which is likely to play an important role in the forthcoming war.

It is therefore most likely that an easier and perhaps more effective route will be followed when " zero " hour strikes and operations begin.

No conquest of Abyssinia is possible without the complete and definite occupation of the high plateau upon which rests the heart of Ethiopia and the official capital—Addis Ababa. In a country where feudal systems are still in existence and where all power is in the hands of the supreme chief—the Emperor—there cannot be any decisive victory unless a final blow has destroyed the established hierarchy in the very centre of its official residence. The Emperor himself showed the way when—as plain Ras Tafari—he left his original Harrar to remove to Addis Ababa to be solemnly crowned, and to establish his official residence.

Mussolini—in his clear vision of things—undoubtedly knows the psychological effect of a heavy and immediate effort towards Addis Ababa; he knows what the conquest of the capital would mean for the rest of his campaign, and no doubt with this object in view he has been making such gigantic preparations to concentrate the most formidable force which has ever threatened Abyssinia.

On the choice of the route, however, will depend much of the initial success and of the duration of the war, even if not its final success.

If the Duce decided for an immediate effort across the Ogaden district—in the south—and rushed the bulk of his troops through the 300 odd miles of territory separating Wal Wal (the centre of the present dispute) from Dire Dawa (on the railway line) he would undoubtedly make an immediate incursion into one of the richest and most fertile districts of Ethiopia. If the railway could be reached by the Italians at Dire Dawa not only would the Emperor's troops be entirely cut off from any outlet on the sea and thus prevented from receiving supplies and munitions, but the railway would be used by the Italians for a comparatively easy conquest of the plateau to which it leads and upon which stands Addis Ababa.

Great difficulties however, would be in the way of such operations owing to the Emperor's popularity in the province of Harrar (of which he was the chief before reaching the throne) and to the strong hostility which these devoted tribes would show to the foreign invader.

It may be, therefore, that the Italians may find it wiser to reach the railway through a different route which can be offered by crossing a portion of the Danakil desert where the ground is more suitable for the modern equipment of the highly mechanised Fascist army.

Those who have followed the recent developments of Italian colonial policy remember that a small territory, apparently unimportant, was surrendered a short while ago by France to Italy along the coast of the Red Sea, in close proximity to Assab. This narrow strip—of a triangular shape—widens the Italian Red Sea possession by only a few miles, but has become to-day of the utmost importance to the Italians, as it enables them to avoid the difficult crossing of Mount Ali barring the way between the Red Sea and Abyssinia—and places the railway within easy distance from Assab.

Striking from Assab the Italian army could, across the Danakil desert, reach the railway at Dire Dawa or, avoiding the railway, reach without heavy fighting the lower part of the plateau from where they could set out for the final attack on the capital, less than 100 miles ahead.

A third route, however, is offered to the Italian invader through Ethiopia's northern gate, via Eritrea. A 300-mile road has been recently built by order of the Emperor linking Addis Ababa with Deyssie: it is a good motoring road which could be used to advantage by a mechanised army. From Deyssie a narrower road follows as far as Adowa, and from there a third road stretches to the frontier, thus setting a definite link between Abyssinia and the Italian colony of Eritrea.

The temptation to the Italians to follow this route may be great. Not only would it enable them to strike a first blow at the Abyssinian army in the neighbourhood of Adowa—the very place of the great defeat which Fascist Italy is pledged to redeem—but it would—by a spectacular open battle in which the Ethiopians would suffer heavily—give the Duce more decisive factors for peace negotiations on his own lines. Yet there are many dangers on this road too.

Why was it built? Was it—as it was officially announced—with the sincere desire of extending commercial relations between Italy and Abyssinia, or, as others pretend, with a view of staving off a possible invader by a quick concentration of troops, and—as it is rumoured—to trap the unfortunate white army into a most treacherous ground? Why this beautiful new road—which a Swiss architect has designed at a heavy cost—in a country where good roads are almost unknown, and where the few existing motor cars hardly venture outside the capital? Why these 250 miles of flat surface winding up and down the most savage passes, through horrid mountains where a few snipers could carry out most dangerous guerilla warfare, and hamper even the most formidable army?

Through whichever of these three routes the Duce may choose to strike he will find them all full of natural difficulties which will put his army to the severest test. This explains perhaps why even at this eleventh hour the Abyssinians retain such great confidence in themselves and the invulnerability of their country: it explains also why the Duce has accumulated against the Emperor the most formidable armament which has ever set foot on any part of the black Continent.

Ronald de Laudier

LENDING A HELPING HAND: Colonel Julian, the American negro airman, who is known as "The Black Eagle," supervising the physical training of recruits on a barrack square on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. The Colonel offered his services to the Emperor Haile Selassie some time ago but reports have differed widely regarding the importance of the post that has been allotted to him

North and South of the Border

The King at Balmoral and the Queen in Yorkshire: The Marines Mount Guard at the Palaces for the First Time: Pilgrimage to Lindisfarne

THE KING'S HIGHLAND HOLIDAY: The Duke of Duchess of York and Princess Elizabeth, who are in residence at Birkhall, near Balmoral, driving with His Majesty to morning service at Crathie, Deeside. A large crowd gathered at the church to greet the Royal party

Below—A ROYAL VISIT TO AN HISTORIC NORTH-COUNTRY RESIDENCE: On Thursday of last week the Queen drove from Harewood House, where she was staying with the Princess Royal, to Bolton Abbey to have lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Her Majesty is seen in this group with her host and other members of the party which included the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, Viscount Cranborne, the Hon. James and Rachel Stuart, and Colonel F. Brooke, chief constable of the West Riding. Bolton Abbey has been in the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire and their ancestors for nearly four centuries

A POPULAR SPECTACLE: For the first time in their 270 years' history the Royal Marines mounted guard last Saturday at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace, and in spite of rain vast crowds turned out to watch them as they went through the intricate movements of the changing ceremony with the precision of veterans. *Left*—Two officers, carrying the colours of the Marines and the Coldstreams, patrolling up and down at St. James's Palace. *Right*—The Marines relieving the Coldstream Guards at Buckingham Palace; a picture showing the men in the khaki greatcoats which on account of the weather they had to wear over their colourful uniforms

COMMEMORATING A RED-LETTER DAY IN CHURCH HISTORY: When St. Aidan came at the request of King Oswald to preach Christianity to the people of Northumberland he chose the island of Lindisfarne as the site of his church and monastery and made it the head of the diocese which he founded in 635. To celebrate the 1,300th anniversary of this event many people have visited the island during the past few months, and in the above two pictures pilgrims, led by a cross-bearer, are seen as they marched in procession last Saturday to attend divine service at the monastery. They had to wait until low water to cross the sands from the mainland

ANSWERING THE CALL OF DUTY: Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister (Secretary for Air), Sir Samuel Hoare (Foreign Secretary), and Viscount Halifax (Secretary for War) arriving at Downing Street, whither they were hastily summoned from their holidays to attend last week's Cabinet meeting which was held to discuss the Italo-Abyssinian crisis in the light of the breakdown of the Three-Power Conversations in Paris. After an all-day sitting it was decided to maintain for the time being the embargo on the issue of licences for the export of arms to Italy and Abyssinia, and it was also agreed that the Government's attitude towards the League should be maintained

FOUR OF THE TWENTY-TWO: *Left*—Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell (First Lord of the Admiralty) arriving for the Emergency Cabinet Meeting with Mr. Neville Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer), and (*right*) the Marquess of Zetland (Secretary for India) leaving with Lord Hailsham (the Lord Chancellor and former War Minister)

OUR EXPERTS ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Samuel Hoare pictured together after the Cabinet meeting

LEAVING No. 10: Sir John Simon (the Home Secretary) with Mr. Walter Runciman (President of the Board of Trade)

Baron Aloisi Speaks His Mind

Frank Statements by the Italian Delegate to the Paris Three-Power Conference

ONCE in a decade the journalist, whose daily lot throws him into the thick of "the news," is seized with the feeling that he has assisted at a scene whose transcendence pales his shrieking front page into ashamed insignificance; he has seen a paragraph of history being written.

About the same time on Monday, August 19, 1935, Baron Aloisi lit a cigarette in Paris, and the Radio Exhibition caught fire in Berlin; both went up in smoke. The daily Press skeletonised their correspondents' reports on the Baron's cigarette to make room for columns on the Exhibition fire; but whereas this merely destroyed a few thousand square yards of Berlin the Baron used his cigarette to punctuate a series of statements heavy with foreboding for the world. (This is known in Fleet Street as "having a sense for news.")

Hemmed in on every side by journalists of all nationalities assembled at his request, Baron Aloisi in his capacity as chief Italian delegate to the abortive Paris Three-Power Conference, sat quietly at his ease uttering with disarming frankness the most cynical exposition of his country's foreign policy that can ever have fallen from a diplomat's lips.

OUTLINING HIS COUNTRY'S POLICY: Baron Aloisi, surrounded by newspapermen at the Press Conference which he held recently in Paris, and at which he gave an exposition of the reasons for Italy's aggressive policy in East Africa

Yet we all loved him. The sympathetic personality of this courteous, grey-haired old man, with his tender, fatherly smile, taken in conjunction with his startling arguments, suggested that if Lewis Carroll were alive to-day he would have written "Aloisi in Wonderland."

Italy realised the German danger in Europe, and the united Stresa front of Britain, France and Italy must not be broken, he told us. But Italy would not be strong enough to play her part in Europe as long as "the Abyssinian menace" threatened her in the back.

"There are 200,000 Italian troops faced by at least 400,000 armed Abyssinians," he observed gently, "the danger to our colonies is obvious."

"Even if you leave the Abyssinians alone?" suggested a British colleague drily.

There was a moment of frozen horror. No one had ever dreamt of talking to the suave diplomatic school of M. Laval or Lord Tyrrell like this, while the brain reels at the thought of Talleyrand's reaction to such a brutally indelicate question. But the Baron merely laughed pleasantly, and in so doing founded a new school of diplomacy—which answers blunt questions bluntly. We did not realise this all at once, but encouraged that the earth had not opened up to swallow our pioneering colleague, we put more and more straight questions, like timid bathers judging the temperature of the sea with cautious toes. The result was so gorgeous that it went to our heads like drink, and we put one reckless question after another with a solemnity that itself suggested the dawning consciousness of our appalling insobriety before a distinguished European diplomat.

"Does not the 1906 Treaty, of which you are a signatory, guarantee the integrity of Abyssinia?" I heard a voice asking, which I dimly recognised as my own.

"Just as much as similar treaties guarantee the integrity of Morocco, Iraq, or Egypt—yes, and I will add if it pleases you" (he wreathed me in his charming smile) "that by the 1928 Treaty we are pledged to eternal peace and friendship with Abyssinia—the result is not brilliant, is it? We have tried our utmost to collaborate with Abyssinia and failed. If you can't collaborate with a people, what else can you do but fight?"

What else, of course? (Tableau: Metternich and Bismarck turning in their graves—green with envy.)

We asked the Baron if he did not think that an African war would weaken Italy's power to prevent Austria being swallowed by Germany.

"Not at all," he replied, puffing reflectively at his cigarette. "During the coming manœuvres in Northern Italy we shall have a million men under arms—that is proof of our strength. Italy lacks raw materials, *but not human raw material*" (italics mine).

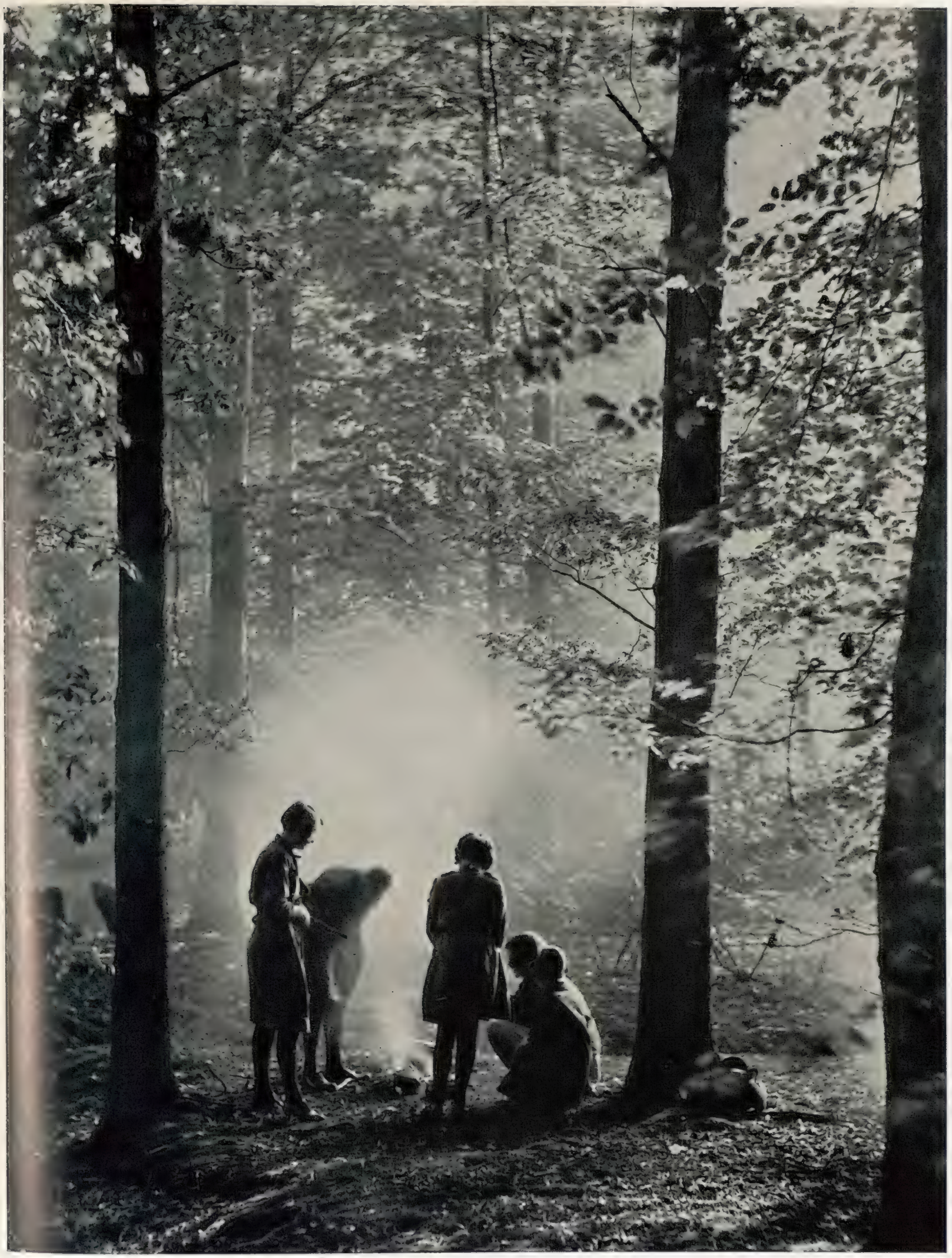
He dismissed the proposals made to Italy by Eden and Laval—complete economic influence under Italian administrative advisers—as providing no guarantees.

"What do you consider a sufficient guarantee?" I asked (quite jauntily, by this time).

"The complete disarmament of Abyssinia," he said.

So there we have the Italian case in a nutshell—in order to preserve Europe from Germany, Italy is arming to disarm the Abyssinians—that formidable people, who although they have no gas, no tanks and no artillery, have at least 2,000 rifles and 15 rounds of ammunition per head, together with twelve aeroplanes, seven of which are reported to be in a fit condition to fly.

Jossleyn Hennessy



THE CAMP IN THE WOODS

An Idyl of Late Summer

(Camera Study by Joan Lyne)

O Sweet September, thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool fresh air whence health and vigour spring,
And Promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

—GEORGE ARNOLD

PRIZE CAMERA STUDIES

Two Pictures Which Have Recently Received Awards in the United States and Hungary

"ROUND THE BEND OF THE ROAD": A composition which was adjudged one of the best of its kind at an exhibition by the New York Photographic Society

"SUMMER POSY": A prize-winning picture at the August exhibition of the Hungarian National Photographic Society, which is now being held at Budapest

When "the Levanter" Shrouds the Famous Rock from View

GIBRALTAR'S WHITE MANTLE

A Striking Cloud Formation Created by the East Wind

PHENOMENON AT THE ROCK: Gibraltar partly obscured by the blanket of cloud which frequently forms when the east wind or Levanter is blowing and remains for anything from a day to a week. Some aver that the cloud has a dangerous effect on the health of the population, but there is probably not much truth in this

On right—THE CLOUD-CAPPED FORTRESS: An aerial picture of the rock and its white mantle

On left—FROM MOUNT ROCKGUN TO EUROPA POINT: A view of Gibraltar taken on a clear day and from a somewhat unusual angle. Gibraltar Bay, the Naval Harbour, and the town are situated on the other side of the peninsula

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A Modern State in the Making

A BALKAN METROPOLIS: Two views of Belgrade, the beautifully situated city on the Danube and the Save, which after the war was made into the capital of the newly created State of Yugoslavia and since then has nearly doubled its population. It has advanced, too, in many other ways; it has grown more cosmopolitan; new and palatial buildings have sprung up; suburbs have been laid out; and most of the streets are now well paved and well lit

How the Late King Alexander's Influence Lives on Beyond the Grave, and the Work of Creating a United Yugoslavia is Being Continued by the Regency

By C. F. MELVILLE

YUGOSLAVIA, after almost a decade of dictatorship, is returning to democracy. Dictatorships, it is said, are more easily made than unmade. But due partly to the late King Alexander, whose influence lives on beyond the grave, and partly to the work of his successors, the transition is being successfully carried through in Yugoslavia.

The late King had become a dictator in order to remove the obstructions to his work of unifying the country caused by the disintegrating party strife of the Serbian, Croatian, and Slovene politicians. He always meant to return to democracy once the national unity was secure. But death came to him at the hands of an assassin while his work was still uncompleted.

The task of completing that work now devolves upon the Regent, Prince Paul.

There were those who thought that perhaps this liberal-minded Prince, Serbo-Russian by birth, but English by education, Oxford man, and "good Londoner," lover of the arts and man of peace, would prove unequal to the task of governing a difficult, self-willed people like the Yugoslavs. Any such misgivings were soon dissipated, for Prince Paul quickly proved that firmness of purpose and conciliatory methods may go hand in hand.

He has an able ally in his Prime Minister, M. Stoyadinovitch, who also was educated partly in England. With a brilliant record as banker, economist, and statesman to his credit, M. Stoyadinovitch shares with the Prince Regent the capacity for combining conciliation with firmness. Cool-headed, practical, and straight-dealing, he has the confidence of the people.

OF THE HOUSE OF KARA-GEORGEVITCH: The three principal members of the Yugoslavian Royal Family—the centre of loyalty round which the conflicting elements in the country are being united. *Left*—Peter II, the boy King, who will celebrate his twelfth birthday in a few days' time. *Centre*—The Queen Mother, who is a sister of King Carol of Rumania. *Right*—Prince Paul, cousin of the late King Alexander and chief member of the Regency Council appointed to act during King Peter's minority

Already great progress has been made. Political prisoners have been liberated and freedom of the Press and public assembly re-instituted; and preparations are now being made for the holding of free parliamentary elections. Not all the old problems are settled yet, but the once dangerous Serbo-Croat dispute is no longer acute, and in the course of time will cease to exist.

It augurs well for political normality that the old sectional nationalistic antagonisms are now being cut across by political and sociological alignments bringing together in the same groups, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Thus the Serbian Radicals of M. Stoyadinovitch, Father Korochetz's Slovene Clericals and the Bosnian Muslims of Dr. Spaho, have come together in a new grouping under the leadership of the Prime Minister, while the Serbian Democrats under M. Dadidovitch and M. Yovanovitch's Serbian Agrarians are moving towards an association with Croat peasants under M. Matchec. M. Matchec and his Croats will, it is hoped, eventually participate in the Administration.

Reference must also be made to General Pera Zivkovitch, War Minister and Commander of the Royal Guard, and generally regarded as the "strong man" in an emergency. Devoted to the late King's cause, he keeps the army out of politics, but its passive influence in the background ensures political stability. He recently declared to M. Matchec: "All differences between Serbs and Croats are open to an amicable settlement: only three things must remain beyond question—the Dynasty, the Army, and the Frontiers."

Thus there is in sight that final solution of Yugoslavia's internal problems which, as a distinguished British diplomat said to me recently in Belgrade, will enable Yugoslavia to become the leading and strongest Power in Central and South-Eastern Europe.

Yugoslavia's foreign policy follows the line laid down by the late king. The ally of France and the lynch-pin of the Little Entente she defends the *status quo*. But she has also good relations with Germany, between which country and herself there are close economic ties and a good deal of mutual admiration. Herr Hitler recently sent General Göring on a special mission to Belgrade. No new propositions were discussed, but he received a cordial welcome.

Although not favouring Austro-German union, Yugoslavia would prefer it to either a Habsburg restoration or the continuance of a paramount Italian influence in Vienna. If, therefore, Yugoslavia should adhere to the projected Danubian Pact to guarantee Austrian independence she will insist that it contain no provisions likely to involve her in a war with Germany.

She aims at close collaboration with her neighbours for the maintenance of peace, in which connection may be instanced the new statute of the Little Entente, the Balkan Pact, and the reconciliation with her erstwhile Bulgarian enemy.

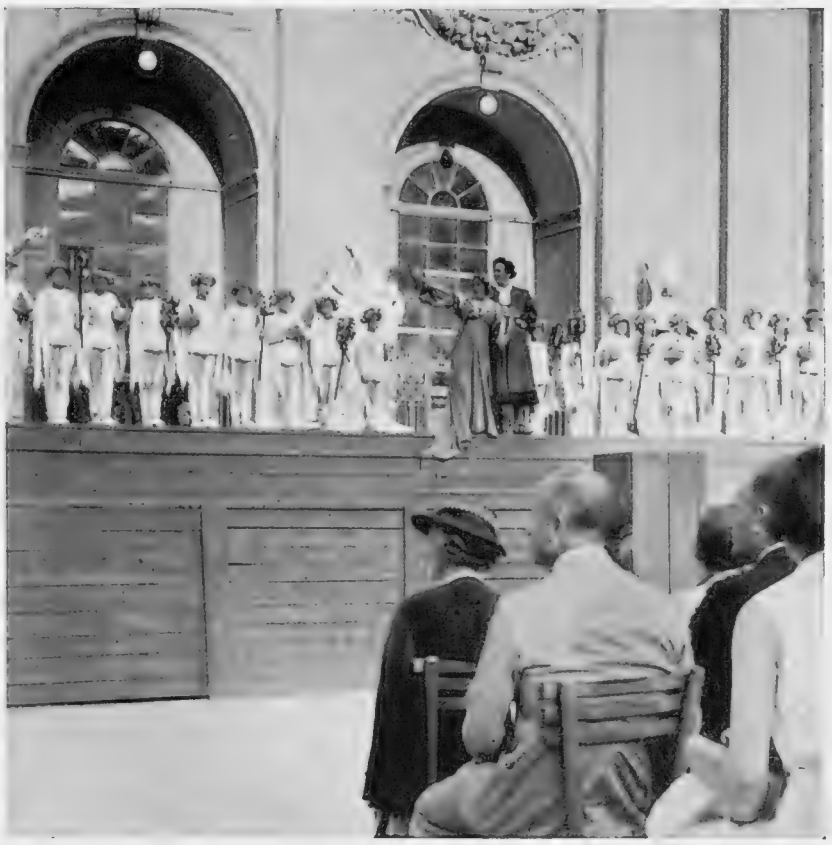
Many are the ties of friendship between Yugoslavia and Britain. The romance of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina began at Bled in Slovenia. Queen Marija, who herself has some English blood in her veins, recently sent the boy King Peter to an English preparatory school. The little princes have an English nurse, and English is mainly spoken at the Court. And there are the early contacts with England, to which I have already referred, on the part of both the Prince Regent Paul and the Prime Minister, Dr. Stoyadinovitch.

When the boy-King Peter II reaches man's estate, and mounts the throne of his late father—many of whose striking characteristics are already to be seen in the son—it will no longer be a turbulent "Balkan" country but a powerful and stable State over which he will be called to rule.

THE BIG FOUR: Notable members of the Yugoslavian Government which came into power on June 24 of this year, following the resignation of the Yevtitch Cabinet. *Left*—Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch the Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, like Prince Paul, has had an English education. He is an expert on finance. *Second from left*—Dr. Mehmed Spaho, the leader of the Muhammadan Party who holds the post of Minister of Communications. *Second from right*—Father Korochetz, leader of the Slovenian People's Party and Minister of the Interior. *Right*—General Zivkovitch, the War Minister and Commander of the Royal Guard, who has the whole-hearted support of the army, and is determined at all costs that the present dynasty shall be preserved

European Survey

THE FRENCH PREMIER'S DAUGHTER WEDS: M. René de Chambrun and Mlle José Laval pictured together at the Quai d'Orsay, where a reception was held following their marriage last week at the church of St. Clothilde in Paris. The bridegroom, a descendant of Lafayette, is the son of General de Chambrun, a former commander of the French forces in Morocco, and is a nephew of the Ambassador to the Quirinal



AN APPROPRIATE SETTING: The scene at the entrance of the cathedral, where on every Sunday during the Salzburg Festival Max Reinhardt is presenting Hugo von Hofmansthal's morality play, *Jedermann*, which is accompanied by music from the cathedral organ. Attila Hörbiger, who is in the centre of the stage with Dagny Servaes, has received high praise for his masterly interpretation of the title role

THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT NICOSIA, CYPRUS: This imposing building, which adheres as closely as possible to the traditional architecture of the island, replaces the structure burnt down during the anti-British riots in the autumn of 1931. The architect responsible for the work was Mr. Maurice E. Webb, F.R.I.B.A.

TWO DISASTERS IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL: *Left*—The scene on the Hermann Göring Strasse, Berlin, after a tunnel which was being excavated for the new North-South underground line had collapsed with dramatic suddenness and buried a gang of seventeen workmen beneath 60 ft. of earth, scaffolding, and masonry, killing thirteen and injuring the others with varying degrees of severity. *Right*—The smouldering ruins of one of the halls at the Berlin radio exhibition after it had been gutted by a fire which started as a result of a short circuit. Scores of people were badly burnt and two men, both employees of exhibiting firms, lost their lives

VISITING THEIR EMPEROR: Chiefs from the northern districts of Abyssinia, who, in the event of war, would probably bear the brunt of the first attacks, photographed together at their camp at Addis Ababa, where they assembled recently at the request of His Majesty Haile Selassie. It is presumed that at the conferences which they attended at the Palace they received instructions regarding the mobilisation and equipment of the levies which are under their command. Note the well-armed appearance of their followers

PAY DAY: Soldiers resting their heavy from the bank to their headquarters. currency in Abyssinia was the Mana the first local coinage to be intro 1894. The first and only banking Ethiopia which was established in given the power to issue notes and

THE PATRIOT: Mrs. Kabeada (*right*), the wife of an Ethiopian General, arriving for a meeting of the Association of Abyssinian Women, a patriotic organisation which is making arrangements for the establishment and running of hospitals and for the employment of women in the event of war. Mrs. Kabeada is stated to have petitioned the Emperor to allow her to lead one of the armies in battle, and if her request is not favourably received she says that she will at any rate accompany her husband to the front lines. She comes of a distinguished family and her grandfather was Chief Regent of Ethiopia during the illness of the late King Menelek

DOING THEIR BIT: An Abyssinian nurse the Muslim faith and a resident of of the Associa

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE KING OF KINGS: New Pictures from Addis Ababa

HAILE SELASSIE DRIVES THROUGH THE CAPITAL WITH MEMBERS OF HIS BODYGUARD RUNNING BESIDE HIS CAR: An everyday scene in Addis Ababa, where His Majesty is spending arduous days reviewing his troops and making preparations to ward off the attack which he anticipates will be launched against his country. The Emperor is one of the few car users as, until recently, there was no good road that stretched for more than a few miles beyond the city

bags of silver on the ground when carrying money Until the end of the nineteenth century the usual Theresa dollar, bars of rock salt, or cartridges, and duced in large quantities was the Menelek dollar of house in the country is the Imperial Bank of 1905 with a capital of £500,000 and has not only been coins but a monopoly of the business for fifty years

with Mlle Inalde Hanafi, a wealthy Circassienne of Addis Ababa, seen as they left after a recent meeting tion of Abyssinian Women

AT THE ITALIAN LEGATION: A picture taken during a reception held in the grounds a few months before the present crisis developed when the Minister, His Excellency Count Vinci-Gigliucci, frequently entertained. Up to now the people of the capital appear to have acted with the greatest good sense, and there has been only one isolated instance of an attempt to interfere with Italian members of the Diplomatic Corps. The Legation is situated in the centre of a magnificent park and is surrounded by high walls which are said to have been originally built to keep out hyænas

JACK ASHORE: A naval battalion from one of the shore training establishments in the "magpie" uniform which is routine there, marching past the saluting base during a review. The officers carry swords, the petty officers cutlasses, and the ratings rifles and bayonets

Soldiers of the Sea

How Joe the Marine Differs from Jack the Bluejacket

By FRANK C. BOWEN

THERE is in the popular mind considerable confusion, in London greatly increased lately by the sight of so many Royal Marines while they are taking guard duty at Buckingham Palace, concerning Marines and Naval Brigades, many people finding it very difficult to get the two straightened out in their minds.

The Royal Marines are soldiers at sea, and began in the seventeenth century as the only long-service men in the Royal Navy, enlisted for their active lives, while the seamen were discharged at the end of every commission and fetched back again at the first opportunity by the press gang. Therefore the Marines became the most reliable section of the ship's company, and were always accommodated between the seamen, often on the verge of mutiny with every justification, and the officers.

They always have been fully trained as soldiers, and in the old days their ships' duties were very limited, while in action they were used principally as small-arms men and snipers. Nowadays they do practically everything that a bluejacket does; some years before the war one cruiser was manned entirely by Royal Marines—on deck and below—with the exception of three or four officers and a few specialist engineers. In ordinary ships they fight nearly half the guns, and there is always the keenest competition between the turrets and batteries manned by them and by the bluejackets; in addition to sentry duty they take their full share in running the ship; but they are always ready to do soldiers' duty ashore, and when our men-of-war have to land parties the "Jollies" are the first to go.

The American and the British are the only navies with marines of this kind, embarked in the ships for ordinary duty. The French and pre-war German "Marine Infantry" were only colonial troops, while the many reports of Japanese Marines being landed in China are patently incorrect, as no Japanese Marine Corps exist.

Although the Royal Marine detachments in H.M. ships are always the first to be landed, when operations have to be undertaken the emergency generally calls for far more men than the Corps can supply, in which case bluejackets are landed as well to form naval brigades. To accustom them to shore operations they have a routine practice route march every Thursday when there is a good opportunity; "soldier walking" Jack calls it and he does not like it at all. Incidentally, our experience with the naval brigades at Ladysmith and other places in the South African war led to the official discouragement of one of the bluejacket's most conspicuous traditions, working in bare feet on shipboard. His soles got as hard as leather, but when his feet were packed into ammunition boots, long marches over the veldt caused any number of hospital cases.

As befits a soldier at sea, the Marine wears soldier's uniform which is a combination of those of the Red Marines (Royal Marine Light Infantry) and the Blue (Royal Marine Artillery) which are now amalgamated. It is a blue uniform with brass buttons, red facings, and peak cap with white cover in summer. The webbing equipment, cartridge pouches, etc., are precisely the same as those of the soldier of the line. For active service he wears khaki uniform. It is provided when he is a recruit and the orders are that it has to be carried in his kit bag ever afterwards, but as the Royal Marine is inclined to develop into a fine figure of a man a sudden demand for its use is likely to make old soldiers look very ridiculous. Their great-coat is the only khaki item in general use, and, to a corps with an exceptionally high tradition and pride of uniform, it is exceedingly unpopular. Certainly it is not nearly so smart worn over a blue uniform as the old type of great coat of guardsman's grey which was equally suitable for sea and shore service.

Ready for an emergency, every ship is supplied with an ample number of rifles, bayonets and military equipment should a party of the ship's company have to land for operations ashore. The seamen are issued with shrapnel helmets and their canvas equipment is of Army pattern, but instead of puttees they wear green-khaki canvas leggings halfway up the shin. On ordinary occasions the equipment is worn over the blue uniform, square jean collar and all, but in the gunnery school, *Excellent*, on Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour, and certain other training establishments, as well as on hot-weather stations, the blue jumper is worn with white trousers.

In actual warfare this kit is far too conspicuous for snipers, and khaki is necessary, but the bluejacket does not carry a khaki uniform about him like the marine. When it is wanted he has to turn to his canvas "working rig," and soaking this in coffee does all that is necessary. It is only on the rarest occasions that the bluejacket is given a soldier's tunic like the marine; then the Service has to draw on the nearest Army supply.

PROCESSIONAL: A naval funeral party in light marching order (green-khaki canvas leggings halfway up the shin with blue uniform) with a detachment of Royal Marines in their blue uniforms with pipe-clayed belts and white brass-mounted helmets. A picture taken in Belgrade during the funeral of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia

The Harnessed Bushbuck and Her Offspring at the London Zoo

NEWS FROM WHIPSNADE AND REGENT'S PARK

The Tortoise Subjected to the Indignity of a Painted Sign on its Shell

THE EPITOME OF GRACE: The harnessed bushbuck, one of the most appropriately named members of the antelope family, seen with her offspring in their enclosure at the London Zoo where they are attracting the greatest interest. These delicate creatures, which are found in many parts of the African continent, have a beautiful ochre and umber colouring, and are chiefly remarkable for the clearly defined white spots on their thighs, and the curious lateral and vertical stripes on their sides

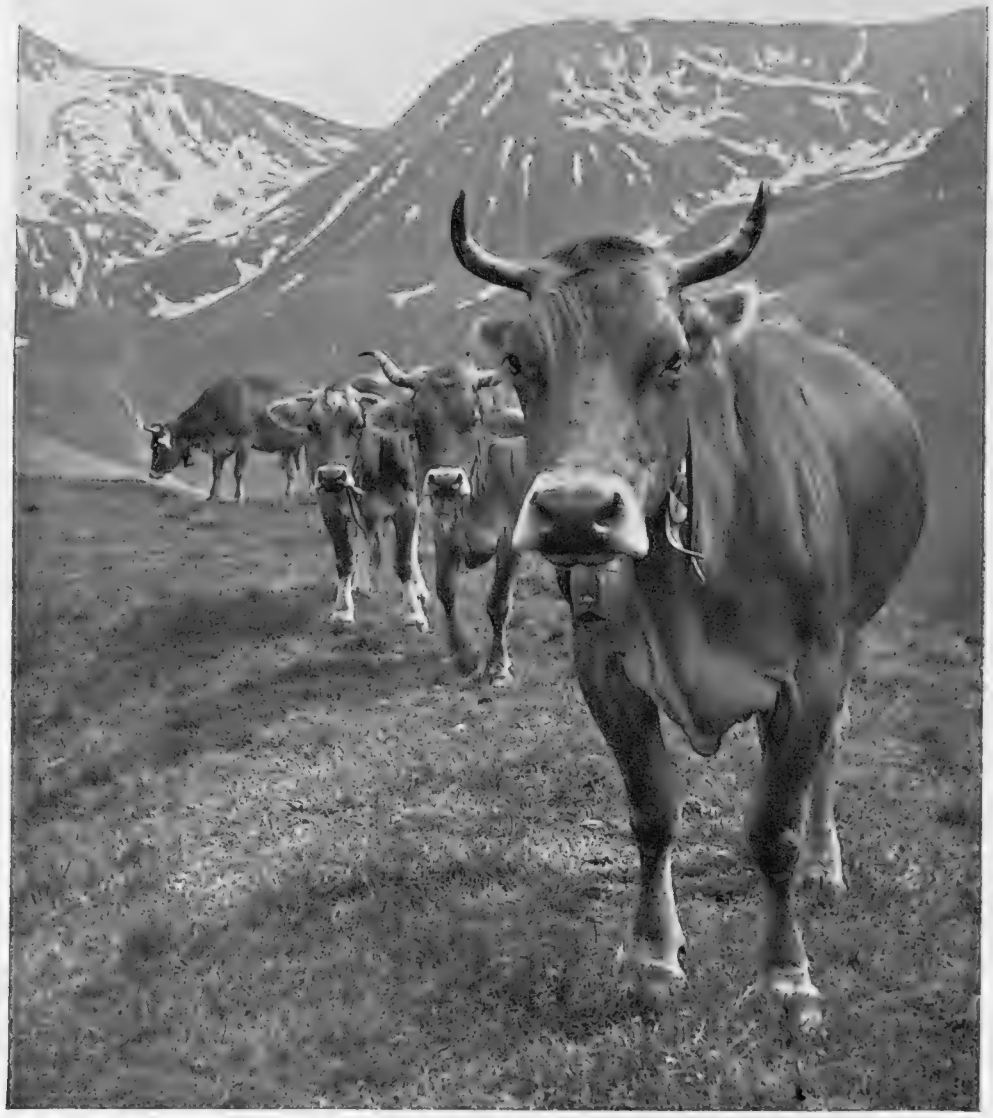
WARNING TO THE CURIOUS: We are glad to think that this tortoise was unable to see the result of the perhaps necessary but rather undignified proceeding of painting a notice on the outside of its shell when it was recently placed on view in the "Pets' Corner" at the London Zoo where juvenile visitors are now being permitted to be photographed with the animals

On left — A NEW ARRIVAL: A four days' old zebra with its mother at Whipsnade.

On right — GETTING ACQUAINTED: A young visitor makes friends with Peter the chimpanzee in the "Pets' Corner" at Regent's Park, which was opened a few days ago by Mr. Julian Huxley, the Secretary of the Zoological Society

DESCENT FROM THE HIGH PAS

Autumn in Tirol when the Peasant Folk Cele the Return of their Cattle to the Valle



THEIR SUMMER GRAZING GROUND: Cattle on the high Alpine pastures just below the snow-line, where the peasants take them during the fine weather but whence they are invariably removed in the early autumn when cold winds and occasional storms herald the approach of winter. The bells carried by the animals make it easy for them to be found when the time comes

AMBLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRACK: The animals bei an annual trek associated with which are many old custo stitions that have been observed faithfully for centuries. T must never start its descent on a Friday, or on the thi

FRIENDS OR FOES?

The attitude of these young bullocks towards each other is definitely a matter for conjecture, but their owner would probably see to it that they did not wreck their carefully prepared and elegant finery

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Arranging the gay trappings on the it had been disembarked from the ferry boat which had t lake. When the cattle have been welcomed back to the hil day is given up to music and dancing, for the people, secure their herds are safe from the mountain storms, feel that th others is one for celebration

O O

TURES

rate

driven to the valleys; ons and familiar super- The herd, for instance, eenth of the month

e of the animals after had brought it across the he village, the rest of the cure in the knowledge that hat this occasion above all

STRANGE CARGO: Some of the cattle being ferried across a lake in order to save a long and tiring journey round the shore. In the stern of the flat-bottomed boat is a large pile of floral decorations with which the animals will later be adorned for their "joyful entry" into the village—a ceremony which is accounted by the people as one of the big events of the year and for which preparations are often made many weeks in advance

The herdsmen at length reach the valley road and progress in triumph towards the village with their cattle bedecked in the traditional manner with flowers and other decorations

THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY

PROTECTING THE HARDINGE BRIDGE FROM THE VAGARIES OF THE GANGES

The New Embankment — A Remarkable Engineering Feat Performed to Save the Mighty Structure from Collapse

WHERE THE EASTERN BENGAL RAILWAY CROSSES THE GANGES: The famous Hardinge Bridge at Sara which during the past few years has been in grave danger not only of being rendered useless by the river changing its course but of being destroyed by water flowing behind the abutments. An army of several thousands of men was engaged to build a giant protective embankment, but even this was breached by the flood waters, and it is only now after months of costly effort that the situation has been improved. Only time can tell whether the structure is safe

KEEPING THE RIVER IN ITS COURSE: A barge unloading clay at the northern end of the right guide bank which was overwhelmed by the force of the floods and has since had to be rebuilt at great cost

On left—BREACHED BY THE UNTAMED TORRENT: Men at work in the 500-yard gap in the guide bank made by the Ganges when it broke bounds in 1933 and, if the flood season had not been nearing its end, would have inundated the countryside for miles

THE NEW BARRIER FILLS THE BREACH: This picture was taken last May at the same point as that shown above after the gap made by the Ganges had been filled in with a strong protective embankment with foundations going over 100 ft. below the bed of the river. No fewer than 8,000 native labourers were employed on this work

The Hardinge Bridge over the River Ganges on the Eastern Bengal Railway at Sara is one of the longest railway bridges in the world, and is named after the Viceroy in whose term it was built at a cost of £2,500,000. The vagaries of "Mother Ganges" in this part of her course have been a matter of most serious concern to the railway authorities for years past. A definite attempt by the river to return to an old channel where it flowed in 1780 and 1868, developed rapidly three or four years ago. As a result certain protective works, which consisted of the provision of a new *bund* (embankment) and the extension of others, were undertaken with a view to keeping the river to its old course, and completed in time for the flood season of 1933. But at the end of September in that year the unchained forces of nature once more proved the limitations of human skill, science, and experience. The sudden action of the river in flood caused a breach of the right guide bank near the bridge, which ultimately extended to 1,600 ft. All efforts to arrest the breach were fruitless owing to the depth and velocity of the river, but fortunately the damage was done at the end of the flood season. The imperative need for maintaining this extensive link of communication between Calcutta and Eastern Bengal compelled the working out of a scheme costing no less than £1,027,000. Though the situation is still not free from danger, the authorities cherish the hope that by these protective works they have resisted for good the efforts of the Ganges to leave the bridge a useless piece of costly engineering.

Between the River Ganges and the River Jamuna (or present main channel of the Brahmaputra) is a large tract of still lower-lying country of inverted deltaic form, over a hundred miles wide at its base, and its apex at the junction of the two rivers meeting at Goalando. This is bounded on the west by the Rajmahal Hills, while to the east-north-east are the Garo Hills. Any breach in the left bank of the Ganges above Sara, or Raita, would be likely to flood the greater part of this delta, and thereby render the present railway line practically useless necessitating a diversion of the railway for many miles.

A breach on the right bank of the Ganges would not be nearly so serious as it would in that case more or less occupy the channels of what are known as the Nadia rivers, viz., the Bhagirathi, the Jelangi, and the Matabanga, and probably follow their joint course into the Hooghly. The railway line from south of Sara to Calcutta would not be so liable to destruction.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, from about 1805 to 1825 the Brahmaputra changed its course from the east of Dacca to where its main channel now runs, about 70 miles farther west, joining the Ganges, as already stated, at Goalando.

The conservative estimates and careful investigations spread over several years before deciding on the present site of the Hardinge Bridge, and the nature of its construction, with its guide banks, were fully justified in spite of severe criticism at the time by other eminent authorities. In 1932 severe developments took place. During 1932-33 new protective guide banks were built on the right bank to stop the breach. An additional guide bank 4,000 ft. long, and about 4,000 ft. above the existing guide bank, was made. Still higher up provision was made to prevent the scouring action of the river in the light sandy soil.

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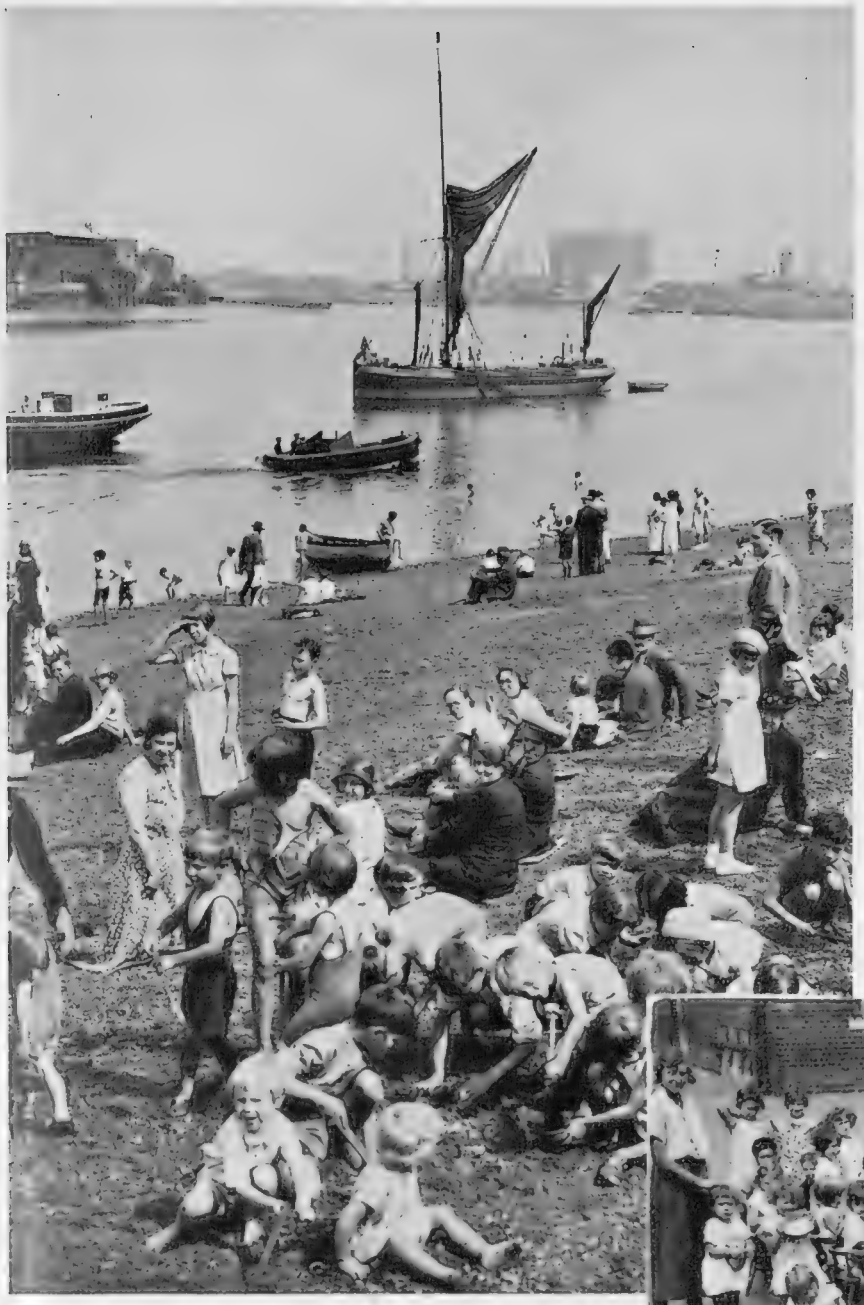


THE NEXT BEST THING: Children, many of whose parents could possibly not afford to take them to the sea, enjoying an afternoon on the pebbly beach at Greenwich. Not the least of the entertainments is watching the river craft go by

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR:- Children tasting the delights of the boat-swings at Mitcham's ever-popular Charter Fair which is held each year in the second week in August and has been in existence from ancient times

Youth at Play

On right—KEEPING THEM OFF THE STREETS: The Children's Play Centres Fund has the use of the playgrounds at Star Road School, Fulham, and there, during holiday time, numerous youngsters take part in organised games and thus avoid the perils of the road

THE RIVALS

While the others stolidly look on a little girl directs a disapproving finger at a fellow competitor who has found cause for tears. A camera study taken during the judging at Southend Carnival Week baby show

A WORLD-FAMOUS CANINE QUARTETTE

The Late Cecil Aldin's Dogs at their Mallorca Home

ON THE TERRACE AT CAMP DE MAR: Mrs. Aldin with Susie and Cracker, the Sealyham and bull terrier whose likenesses are familiar to so many thousands of dog lovers

BASKING IN THE SOUTHERN SUN: The quartette provide an entertaining study in post prandial contentment

TIRPZ, CRACKER, SUSIE, AND BOGIE: These dogs which the late Cecil Aldin so vividly portrayed in his drawings are now living with Mrs. Aldin at her home in Mallorca, and in the note below their mistress gives a delightful description of their everyday life. Cracker, the bull terrier, is now nearly ten years old but is as alert as ever and, as always, is the clown of the party

There is not much to tell about them that has not been told, I am afraid. The four we have—Cracker, the bull terrier, Susie the Sealyham, Tirpz the long-haired dachshund, and Bogie the terrier—all came out from England three years ago and are very fit and enjoying the heat—Micky, the Irish wolfhound, died after one year, from heart trouble; the heat did not agree with him so well, but he was an old dog. Cracker (the favourite and always something of a clown) is also getting old, he will soon be ten but looks good for many years to come.

As long as *he* is alive, anyway, I feel I shall have to live here. He is too old for quarantine, and I couldn't possibly desert him in his old age, especially seeing what a gold-mine he has been for us for so many years. Cecil must have made several thousand pounds out of him and Micky, and I think they must be the best-known dogs in the world. They even had people from America come to see them as one of "the sights of Europe"—though not quite so old as Stratford-on-Avon. Just before we left England Cecil had a letter written in mid-ocean from some Americans—strangers—saying that they were coming over to "do Europe," and, as they would be motoring through England, might they come to the studio to see Cracker and Micky, whom they knew so well in books. Could fame go further?

They still come for their supper as Cecil always made them do; drawn out by name one at a time from their own run the other side of the house, and racing round to where their bowls stand in a row on the terrace. They never know the order in which they will be called, and the excitement is intense; but if any of them run out before their names are called they have to go back and wait till last! It is a game they never get tired of playing,

CAMP DE MAR: Mrs. Aldin's beautiful Mallorca home

and it is one of the sights of Camp de Mar to see them feed each evening. They miss Cecil a lot at times, but are getting much more cheerful since my return. The only regret I have—and I feel sure they share it—is the want of grass. It is sad to think they will never again have a scamper in a grassfield; it is all so dusty and stony here. But it is atoned for by always having sun to live in!

Rita Aldin

THE POWDER-PUFF INDUSTRY IN FRANCE: Scenes at Chatellerault, a thriving centre of production

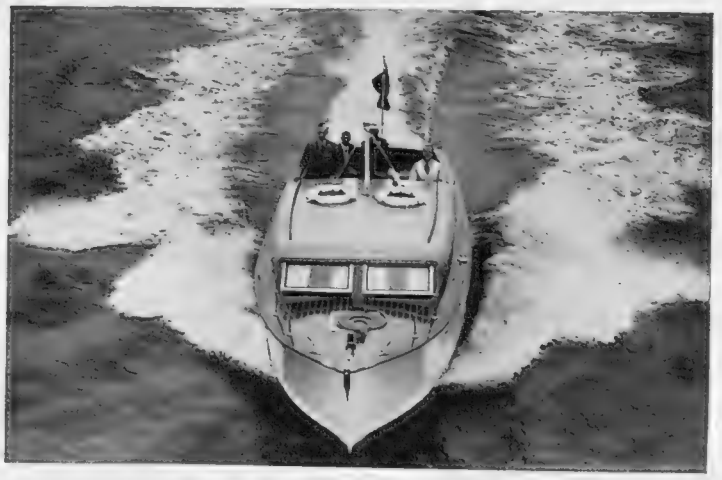
THE RAW MATERIAL: A worker in the Châtellerault powder-puff industry carrying two baskets of goose feathers and with two skins slung over her shoulders

PLUCKING A GOOSE (*above*) AND (*right*) THE HIGH-GRADE, DOWN-COVERED SKINS OUT OF WHICH THE POWDER-PUFFS ARE CUT AFTER TREATMENT

The little town of Châtellerault on the right bank of the River Vienne in Western France has for long been renowned for its cutlery and weapons, but its powder-puff industry is now of almost equal importance and there every year nearly three hundred thousand geese are killed to supply some of the millions of puffs that the world requires. In this district the farmers rear a special breed of snow-white, soft-feathered bird which, at the proper time, is killed and then plucked with the greatest care to ensure that the skin and its covering of down remain intact. The skin is afterwards removed and, having been dried, stretched, and subjected to a number of other processes, is cut into the shapes required by the trade

THE LIGHT WINDS OF SUMMER SEAS

SLOW PROGRESS: Mr. R. B. Worth's *Severn II* struggling to make headway in the light winds during the eighteen-mile race for yachts of the International Class at the Lymington Yacht Club's annual two-day regatta held last week



A LUXURY SPEEDBOAT FOR INDIA: This fast, wireless-equipped river craft, which is capable of a speed of over 37 m.p.h., has been built for Sir Dinshaw Petit, and will shortly be delivered to him in Bombay. *On left*—Mr. R. S. L. Peverley's 50-ton schooner, *Lelanta*, going ahead of Mr. C. F. King's yawl, *Rose*, at the start of the annual ocean race to Belle Isle, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles

YVONNE

ANNETTE

CECILE

EMELIE

As these pictures reveal, the famous Dionne quintuplets are growing apace and, according to a recent report from Dr. Dafoe who has been in charge of them since their birth, they are gaining weight in spite of the hot weather, and one of them, Yvonne, has already passed the 20-lb. mark. The "Quins," who are now fifteen months old, are proving a great attraction to sightseers, and for a few hours every day they are on view in the porch of their specially-built hospital, visitors being allowed called that by a law passed by the Ontario Legislature in wards of the King, and the Bill contained a clause prohibiting law suits which would be calculated to interfere with the guardianship

WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG: An early picture of the "Quins" with Dr. Dafoe and their two nurses, Louise de Kiriline and Yvonne Leroux. In the foreground are their hot-water bottles, some of the many useful gifts showered upon them by well-wishers

The Dionne Children and their Quadruplet Rivals in New Zealand

THE famous Dionne quintuplets, the five little girls whose birth in Canada last year attracted world-wide attention, are now fifteen months old, and their development is being watched as keenly as ever, for they are now reaching what is perhaps the most interesting stage in their growth.

When they first saw the light of day on a May morning in Callander, Ontario, Dr. Allan Dafoe, the local physician, hastily summoned a priest to administer the rites of baptism as he feared his little charges might not live. They were so tiny and frail, the total of their weights being no more than 10 lb., that the doctor knew that they had only a slender chance of survival.

Thanks, however, to Dr. Dafoe's efforts, and the assistance of two nurses, the children won the battle for existence, and since then they have progressed so rapidly that they have made up for their poor start and now present a perfect picture of health and cheerfulness.

According to a recent article in a contemporary journal, "They can now sit up with ease. They own at least two or three teeth each, make plausible attempts every now and then at shouting what appear to their attendants to be words, and they have actually begun, if not exactly to walk, at least to show a strong inclination to do so. They enjoy stumping along, like the aged, with a good firm support on either side the arm of a doctor or a nurse. But they are not allowed to walk too much as yet."

The "Quins" spend much of their time on the sun porch of the little hospital which has been specially built for them, and here, while they are placed on view to the countless sightseers who visit them but who are not allowed to approach too close, they can breathe in the fresh air and bask in the sunshine to their hearts' content, realising not at all the extent to which they are the objects of curiosity and interest.

THE COUNTRY PRACTITIONER WHO ACHIEVED FAME IN A NIGHT: Dr. A. R. Dafoe, the local physician, who brought the quintuplets into the world, and whose skill has since contributed so largely to the children's progress. He was recently recognised by the King in the Honours List

Even when the thermometer is in the 80s and 90s, as it has been in Canada during the last few weeks, the children still take an interest in their food. Nothing, indeed, appears to put them out.

The "Quins'" official photographer is Mr. Fred Davis, and he is the only person who takes pictures of them. In a recent

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, BUT TOO SMALL TO PLAN MISCHIEF: Another early picture of the "Quins" prematurely, were at first slightly backward, but have lately progressed so rapidly that they are as well developed children of their age should be. They can now stand upright and can walk with the assistance

MARIE

...o approach within six feet. It will be re... March of this year the babies were made

The Progress of the "QUINS"

The Five Baby Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne of Callander, Ontario, Who Have Been Made Wards of the King

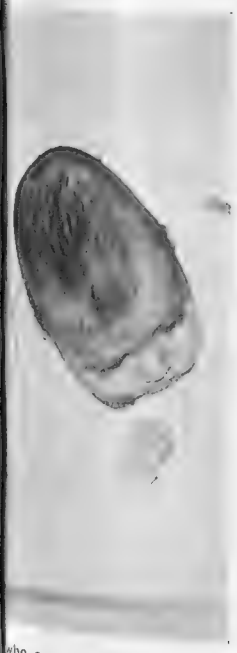
THE DIONNE FAMILY: The twenty-five-year-old mother of the "Quins," seen with her husband and her five other children—Therese, Rose, Ernest, Daniel, and Pauline. Mrs. Dionne has had no hand in the upbringing of her children, but she frequently visits them and plays with them at their hospital

THEIR HOME FROM HOME: The scene at the opening ceremony of the little hospital which was built last year to accommodate the "Quins" during their infancy

the small frame farmhouse of the Dionnes, which was completely cluttered up by the five beds, two nurses, the babies, and other paraphernalia. I almost had to stand on my head to get the 'shots.' I used the usual photographic flash bulb equipment with the bulbs wrapped in gauze to protect the babies' eyes from the force of the flash, and to prevent the spread of glass if any of the bulbs broke. I still take these precautionary measures, and also wear a white medical duster. I have never reckoned it up, but altogether I should think I have taken upwards of a thousand photographs of the quintuplets."

While the Dionne children occupy the centre of the stage, records have also been broken in another part of the Empire. Last March it was reported from New Zealand that a woman in Dunedin Hospital had given birth to four babies—a boy and three girls—all of whom were alive and healthy, and stood an excellent chance of surviving. The boy, who was born first, weighed 4 lb. 10 ozs. The first girl weighed 4 lb. 5 ozs., the next 3 lb. 15 ozs., and the third 4 lb. 9 ozs.

The children were born between the hours of 6 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. and their total weight was over 17 lb. It had been known for more than a week beforehand that they would be quadruplets as their mother had been X-rayed in the hospital and this fact had been disclosed by the photographs. This knowledge did much to assist matters as Dr. J. B. Dawson, professor of midwifery and gynæcology at Otago Medical School, was thus able to make the fullest preparations to cope with a situation which, to say the least of it, was unusual.



...who, as a result of being born ...and as mentally alert as ...of their nurses

interview he said, "It is a lot of work. In fact, whenever I'm in North Bay I get practically no sleep. The 'Quins' can be photographed only between 6.30 and 7.30 in the morning, while they are being bathed, and dressed, etc. This means getting up in North Bay at five a.m. and starting out through the bush for the hospital every morning, no matter what has been done the evening before, and no matter whether, on arrival, the babies' condition warrants photographs. As I spend almost every evening with Dr. Dafoe, who never goes to bed till the small hours, you can figure how much rest a photographer gets. I am the only photographer to secure any pictures whatsoever of the quintuplets since their third day of life. The first twenty-five pictures were taken in the little 'two-by-four' nursery in

"QUINS" FOR THE "QUINS": These five kittens, all absolutely jet black, were recently sent as a present to the Dionne children by Dr. Toncrede Fiset of Quebec. They were born on the same day of the year as their youthful owners—a coincidence that added to the interest of the gift

The Art of John Orlando Parry

A Popular Society Entertainer of the Last Century whose Sketch Books Reveal that he also had a Genius for Portraying Horses and their Riders and Drivers in Action

"AN OFFICER OF THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOONS RIDING ON THE DOWNS": A drawing from John Orlando Parry's *Brighton Sketch Book*, which exemplifies his undoubted skill as an artist

IN reading letters and diaries of a hundred years ago one cannot help noticing over and over again how much horses still entered into almost every phase of daily life. They were not merely the only means of transit, but they were one of the favourite recreations and pleasures; they were to a great extent what trains and motor-cars, golf, tennis, and cinemas are to-day. In the spritely diaries of John Orlando Parry, the famous society entertainer, this was especially evident; he was fully alive to the beauty, the humour, all the ever-varying human elements in horsemanship. Whether he is describing the glory of the public coaches, that were household words —"The Tally-ho!" of Birmingham, "The Aurora" of Liverpool, on which he had a narrow escape, or "The Express" of Dover (of which he makes a special sketch), or in such accounts as the upsetting of "The Crown Prince," one realises on almost every page how dependent everyone was on horses. At the Eisteddfod at Denbigh in 1828 he stops to admire the fine "show of cattle" of the President, Sir Edward Mostyn, "four greys of the most beautiful cymetry with out-riders in red velvet jackets and hats trimmed with gold lace." At Naples a few years later he marvels at the hired chaises where "the man to whom the chaise belongs stands behind and whips up the horse, the person who hires the chaise driving. It is very odd to see sometimes a priest or monk driving himself about in these conveyances." And one of the best "turns" of Parry's entertainment in London consists of an interpretation at the piano of a visit to Astley and "The Rapid Act of Horsemanship."

During 1833 in Paris he is much struck by the horsemanship and the horsewomanship. They went "to see the horses at the Cirque Olympique (like our Astley's)." "We were very much pleased indeed—the horses and riders are wonderfully clever. There are

(Continued on p. 336)

A CARRIAGE AND PAIR NEAR THE DEVIL'S DYKE HOUSE: The type of vehicle that plied for hire at Brighton during the first half of the last century

"CARICATURA RIDICOLOSA": Parry humorously called this "The Age Coach"—"one of the very best built and best proportioned now running in the world"

A Gastronomic Guide

Being an Appreciation of "Auberges de France"—a Volume that Sets Out to Tell its Readers Without Fear or Favour of the Merits and Demerits of the Various Inns and Hotels

By VERNON FANE

BEDSIDE books may be soporifics, they may be works of contemplation and prayer, or they may be, quite simply, one's favourite books. The *Golden Treasury* or Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* would see one through any sleepless night. Shakespeare's sonnets, and the works of Sir Thomas Browne and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse are, so to speak, runners up.

I have another candidate for this most exclusive of all bookshelves, and it is a guide book. It is a guide book to all the towns and most of the important villages in France, and it is written with one object, of which you shall judge the excellence. It is purely and simply a guide to good food and wine in any part of France.

AUBERGES DE FRANCE purports to be the *reportages gastronomiques du Club des Sans-Club*, and since it is primarily intended for motorists it is divided into sections, each dealing with the inns on one of the most important roads from Paris, and taking them in the order of their distance from Paris. There are obvious advantages in this method for the hungry traveller. The principal advantage though is of much greater importance. I have found, from a three years' study—and practical application—of the successive editions, that the judgment of the selection committee of this remarkable institution is absolutely infallible. That is saying a great deal; it is even handsome praise, but there is nothing headlong about my decision. At intervals in the last three years I have eaten my way assiduously up and down France, and clutched in my hand has always been my precious adviser, my *Auberges de France*. Where it has told me to eat I have eaten, and the meals have been most successful. Where it has given moderate praise—for it is a very frank little book—I have agreed, and when it has become lyrical I have been ecstatic, and probably overeaten.

Let me say that it is invaluable; that I have quite forgotten what my life used to be like before I discovered it; that I cannot foresee a future without it; and that I am burning to pass on my discovery to as many people as possible. "This," as those history teachers tell us, "is a good thing."

In dealing with the less pretentious eating-places my guide is both helpful and direct. "This is no gastronomic Mecca," it says of one such. "But if on the road from Paris to Orléans you need a stopping-place, do not hesitate but enter this little *bistro* courageously. Its only luxury is the big elm which shades the garden. Sit quietly under this elm and admire the illustrations of the menu as you wait for Madame V. to prepare her excellent country cooking."

There are several restaurants, such is the standard of cooking in that happy land, to which the guide gives its highest praise.

"You will come to it like a pilgrim to a sanctuary, for it is here that *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*, *truites farcies* and *poularde en vessie* take on a definite significance."

Frequently it breaks into verse.

"If to eat too much is a sin,
And to drink too much another,
There's no more dangerous inn
Than yours, my host and brother."

On a more serious (and less enthusiastic) note our adviser writes, "One does not come to Lourdes to commit the sin of greed," and of a particularly hospitable house, "the hostess circulates through the dining-room like a breath of fresh air."

Spécialités de maison are always given, and when there is a particularly good wine, generally a local one, that is mentioned. Prices are given, or an excellent indication of the price. "*N'emportez pas avec vous le chef du coffre-fort*," the guide writes of one economical inn, and "*pour des Français inquiets de l'avenir*," another inexpensive place is suggested.

My adviser is particularly insistent that one should not pay too much attention to the outward appearance of an eating place, though they are always described in detail, and range from the "vast, modern and elegant" to the "sympathetic frame" or the "rustic and charming."

"Express profound disdain for the appearance of the hotel," we are told in one case. "The talented cook will easily make up for it." We are not told whether our disdain should take practical expression, but I imagine one should hurry through an unprepossessing entrance and find what the guide might call gastronomic satisfaction inside!

The method by which the guide is compiled is interesting. The central committee receives thousands of reports from its active investigators and from its unpaid collaborators who are members of the "club" by virtue of having bought a copy of the guide, and who are sufficiently enthusiastic about the idea to help it on without any financial reward, these members being of the opinion that a really authoritative guide is a reward in itself.

The reports are sorted out, checked, confirmed, (I should like the job of confirmer), and arranged in their proper order. The guide, which was first issued eleven years ago under the patronage of no less an authority than the late M. Escoffier is in no way a "stunt" for hotel publicity, but an honest desire to make French provincial cooking more accessible and, in certain cases, of a higher standard.

Throughout the volume the style differs constantly and, in my opinion, very amusingly, since so many contributors are represented. One imaginative correspondent describes a châlet as being held in the embrace of what Miss Violet Cork might call leafage and greenery!

"With the modesty of a violet," writes one willing helper, "and the sagacity of an ant you will appreciate the cooking of Monsieur T." I am convinced beforehand that he is right, and I admire his conciseness as much as his judgment.

Humour, poetry, philosopy, even politics influence the compilers. In an entry of profound significance a contributor writes, "If Gandhi had been the guest of this restaurant England would have had fewer troubles."

Of pure praise without a nuance of blame this is an excellent example. I will give it in French as it loses too much of its dignity in paraphrase.

"*Sur la lyre de votre satisfaction, pincez les plus belles cordes pour celebrer la table soignée de Monsieur C. Ce n'est encore qu'une lueur à l'horizon, mais peut-être annonce-t-elle une étoile.*"

The essence of good criticism, as the literary ladies and gentlemen so well know, is restraint. The hotels *de grand luxe* are seldom mentioned, or, if at all, are dismissed with a shrug. Now this is important for, being true Frenchmen, it is considered that one should not only eat and drink well, but reasonably. Prices are stated most explicitly and in the latest edition members are invited to note and to report any variations. "We claim," they state, "not only to have improved the general standard of gastronomic service to travellers throughout France, but to have reduced prices by at least 20 per cent. in general during the last few years." Travellers are advised to display their guide at each place of stay, to consult the proprietor, and to interview and pay a little compliment to the chef, for, as they wisely remark, *tout le monde est friand de compliments*.

In the heart of the Champagne country there is a very famous hotel known, I should imagine, to every English and American traveller who ever motored through those parts. Naturally it is very *luxe*, and the least said about its prices the better. Before I happened upon the *Club des Sans-Club* I endured there the worst meal I have ever wished to forget. You will not find it mentioned in the guide, but you *will* find a small hotel in a side street which will make you more comfortable, won't charge extra for garage, and where your dinner will be a poem fit for the district which produces the king of wines.

So, in the land of gourmets the *Club des Sans Club* deservedly flourishes and claims an enormous membership.

O FULL MOON.

Chuckle, chuckle, through the night,
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TRANSFORMATION OF A VILLAGE

Historic Colnbrook where Cottages and Other Old Buildings are Being Demolished Under the Government's Housing Act

WHERE KINGS AND QUEENS RESTED: The black and white frontage of the old Ostrich Inn which still adds a richly medieval aspect to the main street of Colnbrook, the little village near Slough which in the coaching days was regarded as a stopping place of considerable importance, but where demolition work is now proceeding apace as many of the buildings have been condemned as quite unsuitable for habitation

Drawings by Percy Home

A VIEW THAT WILL DISAPPEAR: Practically every house in the above picture will eventually be demolished; and, as can be seen, work is already well advanced on one of the white-faced gabled buildings in the centre

EVIDENCE OF DIVIDED CONTROL: Colnbrook is partly in Buckinghamshire and partly in Middlesex and this fact, which is probably responsible for the present decayed appearance of the village, is recorded in eighteenth-century lettering on the parapet of the bridge over the River Colne

THE old village of Colnbrook will soon lose the sleepy, old-fashioned coaching-town look which has characterised it for the past hundred years or so. The modern erections, which will doubtless take the place of the cottages that are being demolished will soon remove all memory of the little township which for centuries had been of some importance, owing to its position on the main Bath road. The numbers of inns along the street testify to the traffic of bygone days when travellers could not rush through as the motor coaches do to-day, but had to stop for some kind of refreshment. The oldest of these inns is the Ostrich, a gabled building about which many old stories linger, one of them going back to the time before the present Elizabethan structure was in existence. It is recorded that in the days of the pack horse, when wealthy wool merchants from the west country brought up their goods in bales, and stopped at the Ostrich Inn, that the innkeeper and his wife planned an ingenious method of murdering their guests by means of a trap-door under their beds. Their bodies were thrown into the River Colne and the innkeeper grew rich on the stolen gold, till the day when suspicion was aroused, the grim facts were proved, and he was condemned to death.

THE FATEFUL SIGN: Doorway after doorway in Colnbrook bears a printed notice informing tenants that under a clause in the new Housing Act they are required to vacate the premises by such and such a date. The repetition of this notice gives the visitor the impression that he is in some stricken village

A CONDEMNED COTTAGE: Another dwelling bearing the fatal notice to quit on the door

On right—IN COLNBROOK'S OLD HIGH STREET: Buildings typical of many doomed to disappear

AN HEROIC ROLE: Walter Hudd, the young actor and playwright, who is to play the title role in the film, *Lawrence of Arabia*. When he is in Arab dress his resemblance to the great adventurer is truly remarkable

DRAMA of the WEEK

Ivor Novello's Latest Play Not Up To Standard: Cecil B. De Mille Butchers English History

By PHILIP PAGE

IMPROBABILITIES matter as little in comedy as they do in farce provided their entertainment value is adequate. In his new play at the Haymarket, *Full House*, Mr. Ivor Novello makes a peer, who is President of the Divorce Court, marry an elegant middle-aged woman who runs an illegal gambling club; he had fallen in love with her years before when he was an undergraduate and she was playing a tiny part in *The Belle of Belgravia*, wearing pink crêpe de chine of an appropriate paucity.

Improbable, yes. Fantastically improbable, no. I see nothing wildly impossible in the stage for once in a way marrying into the Divorce Court, as it were, instead of merely appearing in it. Did not a famous judge of the High Court in Victorian times marry his cook? Besides, when the actress is, as in this case, played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, with virtue and immaculate social qualifications in every intonation of her attractively plaintive voice, there could be no vast improbability in an Archbishop of Canterbury wooing and winning her. I warrant Miss Braithwaite would run Lambeth Palace far more efficiently than she ran that gambling club.

Mr. Novello, who has written several plays of interest, and one which was nearly a good one, has here fallen badly below his normal level. That is a pity for several reasons. Here is a man of versatility and considerable talent electing to remain faithful to the theatre when he might have allowed the films to absorb him utterly and profitably. With his great good looks Ivor Novello might be a Ramon Novarro, over whom a section of London's nit-wits became publicly nit-witted last week. Novello is a better actor than Novarro and a man of altogether wider capabilities. He has written a poor play largely, I think, because he has (he was once a choir-boy and will understand the metaphor) used the same combination of stops just once too often, and has been rather too faithful, both to his friends and—this is more important—to his types.

Miss Braithwaite, for instance, could only have been used again as a whiffle-headed, lovable type of woman with a sub-stratum of cattiness if she had been given amusing things to say beneath that camouflage of exceptional stupidity. Mr. Novello has here made her merely stupid, and even Miss Braithwaite cannot make undiluted stupidity other than tiresome. He has an unrivalled knack of trotting out feline acidity and showing females and semi-females twittering at each other in the manner I honestly believe they do twitter. But mere photographic reproduction of such a world—and it is a particularly nasty world—can divert only the initiated few unless it is accompanied by some sort of wit. I could taste not a dash of wit of any quality; and I doubt whether a handful of flippancies will satisfy even the aforementioned initiated.

"The Crusades."—On the night of the production of Mr. Novello's play there were huge crowds in the Haymarket, but not to see Mr. Novello's patrons, though these included Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Eddie Marsh.

I have never been able to understand the mentality of the first-night pavement-haunters, only a meagre handful of whom watched the arrivals at an historic theatre. They exist in swarms and that is enough; perhaps they have no mentality. Mentality or not, they surged round the Carlton Theatre "a little way up the street," where there was the simultaneous *première* of Mr. Cecil B. De Mille's new, monster, and most monstrous and De Mille-ish film, *The Crusades*. There indeed is a lesson on which I will refrain from commenting, beyond throwing out the suggestion that on this occasion the wiser folk were those who remained in the street. I saw *The Crusades* the following night, when the captains and kings of the film-world, and such social celebrities as can be mustered in the month of August had departed, and can only exclaim "a plague o' both your houses."

The difference between the play at the Haymarket and the film at the Carlton is that the former tried to be funny and was not, and the latter tried to be very impressive and was occasionally very funny instead. Those who a few months ago went time after time to that odd drama, *Young England*, to laugh in the wrong places may derive similar fun from Mr. De Mille's effort. I cannot conceive of any other reason for a visit, unless it be that masochistic desire which sometimes leads one to prod an aching tooth.

The Crusades is not about the Crusades, but about one crusade in which Richard I took part. Great Walter Scott, what a film! If English history is to be butchered in this fashion to make a Hollywood holiday, the natural instinct in this country might be, one imagines, to organise a crusade to Hollywood to rescue things which to some of us are sacred, with, say, Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a sort of Peter the Hermit. But second thoughts would be best. Mr. De Mille is not actuated by malice—and I have seen books on English history written for use in American schools which are deliberately malicious and intended to give young America a false idea of this country. I believe such books have now been withdrawn, as befits that great and friendly nation across the Atlantic.

No, Mr. De Mille merely butchers English history because he considers that accuracy in such matters is not important. I am amazed to find several British film critics (or, lest I myself should risk inaccuracy, film critics employed by British newspapers) backing him up and asserting that historical mistakes do not matter in the least—the Spectacle being the thing. This film certainly provides spectacle in that masses of armed men rush about and a city is stormed—siege-towers and the rest of it—on a gargantuan scale. That does not strike me as particularly difficult as long as there is unlimited money to spend; incidentally, it was done rather better twenty years ago by Mr. D. W. Griffith in a silent film, *Intolerance*. What is more exasperating in this film even than its essential dullness and its inordinate length is its inaccuracy when accuracy would have been just as easy and no less effective.

Why does Richard marry Berengaria in Marseilles when in fact he married her in Cyprus? Why do the knights—and the King himself—leap about in full armour in Douglas Fairbanks fashion, though any schoolboy could tell Mr. De Mille that a man thus clad could hardly walk at all? Why are their horses like polo ponies? The medieval war-horse was a big, stocky animal; if it had not been it would have collapsed under the weight it had to carry. Why did the troubadours and merrie men of the period (including a Blondel no gentleman would have preferred) sing songs bearing not even a superficial resemblance to any music remotely connected with the period? Why was a Queen of England in the twelfth century spoken to not only in the tones but in the actual language of a Chicago gangster? Even that point has, I notice, been dismissed as unimportant. But enough of "why" and "wherefore." Hollywood, or, rather, this flamboyant section of it, cannot be expected to show either taste or reason. It must only be "stupendous," "thrilling," "magnificent." *The Crusades* is not even thrilling; to me it was a tiresome horror when it was not funny.

Miss Loretta Young is the "star." As to her performance, I can only, in sheer amazement, add to my list another "why?" Mr. Henry Wilcoxon as Richard went through a Katherine-and-Petruchio act with her with great credit and in difficult circumstances. Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, a being from a better-bred world, having had a successful innings as an eloquent Peter the Hermit, retired to the pavilion early.

I have not read an account of this film which does not, with humorous subtlety, allude to the marine aspect of the name Berengaria. But I am compelled to record that when the name of that princess was first mentioned a peal of laughter arose from an audience obviously convinced that this was a witty suggestion that that lady was of considerable tonnage. So perhaps Mr. De Mille is justified after all.

IN TOWN NEXT WEEK: Samson Raphaelson, the author, seen with Greer Garson, Mary Glynne, and Mary Grey during a rehearsal of his new play, *Accent on Youth*, which after a short trial run in the provinces is to be presented at the Globe Theatre on September 3. Nicholas Hannen is also in the cast

STILLS of the STARS

In Three Notable New Films

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STAGE ROMANCE: Two episodes from *Peg of Old Drury*, the new British and Dominions film which is now showing at the Leicester Square Theatre, and which has as its theme the love story of David Garrick, the great actor, and of Margaret Woffington, his almost equally famous partner. *Left*—Garrick (Cedric Hardwicke) bows and kisses the hand of Peg (Anna Neagle) at the end of a performance at Drury Lane. *Right*—Peg and her first admirer, Michael (Jack Hawkins)

A STAR OF THE SILENT DAYS IN A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY: Pola Negri is making a come-back in the German film, *Mazurka*, in which she takes the part of a jealous mother who shoots the man she loves because he pays attention to her daughter. *Left*—Standing her trial for murder. *Right*—Another dramatic moment in the picture

IN THE YEARS BEFORE THE DELUGE: Two scenes from the screen version of the musical comedy, *The Dubarry*, which has recently been completed at Elstree by B.I.P. under the direction of Marcel Varnel. The picture takes some extraordinary liberties with history for the sake of dramatic effect, and while this may irritate the historically-minded, there is no doubt that those who do not resent this distortion of facts will find that the film offers good entertainment value. *Left*—Cascal (Hay Petrie) giving a lesson in etiquette to Madame Dubarry (Gitta Alpar, the Hungarian star), who, before her sudden rise to fame at the French Court, had been employed as a milliner's assistant in Paris. *Right*—Louis XV (Owen Nares) is pleased with his favourite and presents her with a token of his esteem

MIRRORED IN A LAKE OF AZURE BLUE: The rock pyramid of the Matterhorn—monarch of the Swiss Alps—towering above the Riffelsee near Zermatt

SWITZERLAND'S EVER-CHANGING SCENE

A Land that has a Fascination at Every Season

SEEING Switzerland for the first time, if it is winter, one wonders how it could ever be anything other than a vision of gleaming snow. The peaks, the wide-sweeping fields scarred with ski tracks, the laden fir trees, the little villages with their sloping roofs half buried, and icicles hanging from the eaves, and only the church steeples rising sharp and black amidst so much whiteness; all these together make a picture that is perfect in itself.

Go there again in late spring, or summer, or in the early autumn, however, and you find that another miracle has been accomplished. The houses that were half buried under snow are now gay with flowers, and their shingled roofs catch the glint of the sun. The ski-ing fields are rich green pastures, silent no longer, but echoing with that most characteristic of Swiss sounds, the tinkling of cow bells. Under the pine trees you tread a soft, brown carpet of fallen needles and there is a warm, resinous smell in the air. Only the highest peaks, the regions of eternal snow, remain the same—remote, unchanging, their outlines sharp and jagged against the sky, or sometimes appearing fitfully for a few moments from amongst the clouds.

For it has to be admitted that on occasion there *are* clouds. The present writer must even admit having once spent three successive days in Lucerne in the middle of the summer without for a single moment seeing the towering heights of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger at the other end of the lake, and getting not more than a few spasmodic glimpses of Pilatus, quite close at hand. On the other hand, he also cherishes a recollection of Interlaken in September when night after night the sunset glow on the Jungfrau, displaying every tone of gold and red and purple in succession, till finally it died away into the cold grey of twilight, held everybody spellbound, and lent an added richness to those late summer days.

It is curious how strong a power of fascination mountains seem to possess. They may look quite different in each of their innumerable differing moods, but there is always some irreducible element of individual character with which one finds one's self becoming increasingly familiar as one wakes to see them day by day. This has always appeared to me one of the most attractive features of a holiday in Switzerland; there *is* something about these great towering masses of rock and ice and snow that makes you feel as if it were doing you good just to be amongst them.

At Interlaken, lying quiet and peaceful between the lakes of Brienz and Thun, it is, of course, the Jungfrau that dominates—and dominates so completely that for a moment the eye almost refuses to accept the reality of its immense height. Grindelwald, when you have seen it once, always brings to mind those three peaks, as awe-inspiring as their names suggest: the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, and the Finsteraarhorn. Lucerne? What would Lucerne be to its lovers without Pilatus on one side balanced by the Rigi on the other? Or Zermatt without the Matterhorn? Or Kandersteg without the Blümlisalp? These are the more obvious examples, but anywhere you go, whether it is to a well-known resort or to some small upland hamlet as remote from the everyday world as if it were on another planet, there is invariably one mountain which takes a particular hold on your imagination.

Mountains are not the sole reason for visiting Switzerland however. The Swiss themselves provide others; they are so amiable, so honest, so capable, so good at running things like hotels and railway services. This is perhaps to be expected, seeing that they have had a longer and more intensive experience of what is called "tourism" than anybody else in Europe, and that they are further inspired with a strong sense of national pride. Environment forms character, and it is not difficult to see the integrity of the mountains reflected in the character of this people.

COMPANIONS AMID THE UPLAND SOLITUDES: A mountain goat makes friends with a climber, possibly in the hope of being given some tit-bit from her haversack

Berne, the capital, is actually less like a capital city than any other I know. At the same time, it is one of the most charming I have visited. The only reminder of its importance as the seat of the Federal Government is a certain number of imposing modern buildings overlooking the Aare. For the rest, it is quiet, picturesque, placid, rich in architectural relics of the Middle Ages and well disposed towards travellers who enjoy taking their time over seeing a place.

Zürich is more like a real capital: but that is not said in any disparaging sense. Walk down the Bahnhofstrasse, enjoying the luxury and variety of the shops and noting with what fine buildings it is flanked. Here is the very hub of Switzerland's business life (incidentally, it was from Zürich, during the war, that Lenin, working in secret, organised the overthrow of the Imperial Russian Empire), yet it is something more than a purely commercial town. It lies at the head of a lake, the Zürcher See, and when you reach the end of the Bahnhofstrasse you find yourself at the water's edge, facing the distant line of the Alps. Like all Swiss lakes, of course, it abounds in facilities for swimming and sunbathing and boating. Admittedly it lacks the more strikingly picturesque qualities of places like Thun and Brienz and Lucerne, but it has a quiet charm that is very refreshing and some pleasant lakeside villages which, if not strictly comparable with Lucerne's Weggis and Vitznau, are attractive by very reason of their unaffected simplicity.

The third large town in this part of the country is Basel, on the Franco-German frontier. Unfortunately, as a result of its frontier position, all too few people make it a stopping place unless they have to. Yet it would be worth visiting, even if only to see the fine collection of Holbeins in the gallery there, while actually there is much that is of historic interest in the town itself.

There are so many places in Switzerland that in the astronomy of Baedeker are spangled with stars, that it seems a little invidious only to be mentioning a few of them, even though the alternative would simply be to produce a list of names. In four or five weeks from now, moreover, fresh snow will be falling on the heights and the russet tones of autumn appearing in the valleys. Summer will be over and winter sports not yet beginning. What then? Why, then is the time to cross the Alps into the lovely, southern canton of Tessin, where the lakes of Lugano and Maggiore still reflect the deep blue of an unclouded sky. Even in an electric train, crossing the Alps seems to retain a spice of adventure about it, and emerging from the St. Gotthard tunnel at Airolo, you find yourself immediately in another world—the world of the Mediterranean. Here is the clue to Switzerland's unique distinction; at no season of the year is it altogether out of season there.

A. G.

ON THE MARGIN OF LUCERNE: Picturesque, castellated walls photographed from the deck of one of the many steamers that ply across this beautiful Swiss lake

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S

HUNTING & RACING MEMOIRS

We are glad to be able to announce that His Grace the Duke of Portland has consented to the publication in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" of a part of his memoirs of Hunting & Racing, which are to be published in book form in September by Messrs. Faber & Faber. The first instalment appeared in "THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" of August 23rd, and further extracts in the series are appearing weekly.

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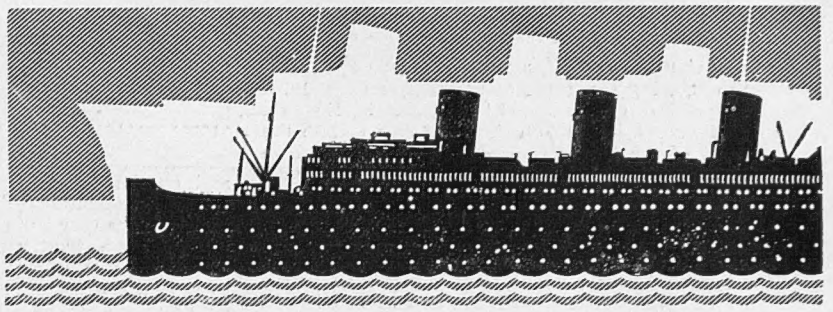

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THE ART OF JOHN ORLANDO PARRY

(Continued from p. 326)

ladies who ride here, and are not at all particular with respect to showing the make of their legs; by jingo, it beats everything I ever seed!! No one in England would really credit it! The ladies here ride astride the naked back of the horses (no saddle or bridle) and do not mind sitting on the horse to rest after having gone through some wonderful evolutions with the gauze dress (or slip) far, far above their knees!!! Oh, *c'est drôle!* There was a horse there named Phœnix that performed entirely by himself some of the most extraordinary feats; such a beautiful creature. It fired a pistol and then walked all about as if it were lame, and at last it laid down, supposed and died, with its four legs in the air!! With other wonderful things!"

In his sketches—and although Parry was not a professional artist, no one ever drew more delightfully—he always gives us most entertainingly the very essence of what he saw and felt, and what he saw and felt was always very amusing. His drawings of horses are some of his most characteristic, and in a few lines he gives us a most lively and very individual picture of the horse and its rider. Some of the best were done during a holiday by the sea at Brighton in 1836. He was then only twenty-six, but already a very well-known figure in the social life of London; the Duchess of Kent and the young Princess Victoria, soon to become Queen, had just patronised his entertainments; the Duke of Sussex, the King's embarrassingly radical brother, had been very gracious to him; and when his month's holiday at Brighton was over he was to perform in Dickens's second effort at play-writing, *The Village Coquettes*. Before long Mendelssohn was to "sit and listen to him with the eager face of an enjoying child" and Chopin "laugh till he was almost ready to die" and our present King George V, as a boy, attended one of his last performances. But all this did not spoil the naïve spontaneity of his songs, his music and his diaries, nor his sketches like his entertainments at the piano. They were essentially himself, and it was always a very charming unspoilt self.

Of all the many very clever drawings that he left behind those in the *Brighton Sketch Book of 1836* are some of the best. It opens with a picture of himself and his family, his wife, his sister-in-law, the nurse, and his baby, waiting for the Brighton coach having engaged two "ins" and three "outs," and in the following thirty-six pages we have almost every phase of life on the Sussex coast. The drawings of horses and their riders are equally entertaining. There is a most delightful sketch of the race course called "Running with the Horses," evidently on the Brighton Downs, and a most striking impression of "An officer of the Enniskillen." A phaeton with a view of the Downs gives us a spirited idea of the sort of carriage on hire at Brighton, and on the last page of the book is one of his most amusing caricatures—"The Age Coach." Parry's drawings are very varied but never dull, they are never full of mere photographic accuracy; yet distortion, where it exists, is never done for distortion's sake, but to tell us sincerely and significantly the impression left on him by what he saw. This was the beginning and end of his art in whatever direction it found expression, and in his sketches of horses especially, where they are in motion or standing still, he gave us very intimately, and often very amusingly, the feeling that they gave him. And, after all, what better can any artist do?

C. B. Andrews

CONTINUATIONS

PROTECTING THE HARDINGE BRIDGE

(Continued from p. 320)

In September 1933 a breach took place in the right bank at a point 2,000 ft. above the bridge. In a few hours this had widened to 1,400 ft. and extended 70 ft. inland. Something like 12,000 men were engaged night and day during February, March, and April of 1934 before the breach was closed up. During 1933–34 further protective measures were necessary.

Incidentally it might be stated that, with a river depth at the bridge site of 100 ft. below low-water level, it was necessary to sink the foundations of the bridge piers to from 150 to 160 ft. below low-water level, owing to the sandy nature of the river bed.

To prevent scouring action on the river banks below low-water level extensive stone "pitching" had to be adopted. An "apron" of large stones, ranging from 65 to 160 lb. weight, and varying in thickness from 4 ft. 6 ins. to 8 ft. 6 ins. was laid down in such a way that, as the scouring action undermined the "apron" by removing the sand below it, the apron automatically dropped down towards the river bed, taking up a natural slope to the bottom, thereby forming a protective stone surface several feet thick.

MR. HORE-BELISHA MAKES HEADWAY

(Continued from p. 330)

The figures in relation to pedestrians are even more remarkable. Out of 857 pedestrians killed, 259 (or 30·2 per cent.) were under fifteen years of age, and 423 (or 49·4 per cent.) were fifty-five years of age and over. From one year to seven years of age seem to be the most dangerous years for children. After that experience seems to give them caution until at the age of fourteen only seven children are killed a year.

The figures relating to fatalities to elderly persons are so remarkable that they are worth giving as they stand:

55	years	and	under	60	years	-	66
60	,,	,,	,,	65	,,	-	68
65	,,	,,	,,	70	,,	-	99
70	,,	,,	,,	75	,,	-	76
75	,,	,,	,,	80	,,	-	60
80	,,	,,	over	-	-	-	54
							423

One seems entitled to the conclusion that elderly people are not nearly so capable of looking after themselves as children. There is also a psychological factor in their case which is not mentioned by the Ministry. Observation will prove elderly people to be extraordinarily obstinate, and incapable of accepting the theory that the road is not entirely theirs.

The latest figures issued by the Metropolitan Police show that it is safer to live in London than in the provinces. This is because many of the Ministry's methods have been applied to the Metropolis first. For instance, Lord Trenchard himself put forward a suggestion to the London County Council that it would be of assistance to the Ministry of Transport in their campaign if the children of London were taught by uniformed constables the right way to use the roads.

On the figures before him, the Minister has little to complain of in respect to the middle-aged. And he has the liveliest faith in the younger generation. When he has trained up a new generation of pedestrians and cyclists he will have laid the foundation of a better generation of motorists. The Ministry's greatest concern is what they call the "speed complex." But this, they are fair enough to point out, applies not merely to motorists but to every phase of modern life. They chuckle over the story of the dashing lad who took his eighty-year-old aunt out for her first motor ride. Having regard to her years he proceeded with caution till the old lady shouted at him, "Step on the gas, boy; step on the gas." An amiable jest in the middle of a grim and heavy task.

W. H.-W.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

B., Jersey (Madeira).—Madeira has a warm and sunny winter climate, the mean temperatures during December, January, February, and March being 62.8, 61.2, 60, 61.6 degrees respectively. The climate is somewhat relaxing and moist, but very equable, with an almost complete freedom from dust. The best conditions are to be found in Funchal, which is situated in a protected valley facing due south. Conditions in the mountains in winter, both in Madeira and the Canary Isles are not such as to render excursions among them pleasant. You should take light clothing and some strong shoes with rubber heels, as some of the streets in Funchal can be very slippery. You will not require a fur coat while you are in Madeira, though you could wear it on the voyage out and back. The return 1st-class fare to Madeira by Union Castle Line during the winter months is £30 12s. or £36. The best hotel in Madeira is Reid's Palace Hotel, which occupies a fine situation immediately overlooking the sea.

N., Norfolk (Italy).—The return 2nd-class fare from London to Portofino via Dover-Calais and Genoa is £12 6s., including the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways. Portofino is a delightful little place and one can bathe there, though there is no beach. The Splendid Hotel charges about 13s. per day. There is a small sandy beach at Paraggi, one mile from Portofino, but there is only one small hotel there, the Paraggi, which charges about 10s. per day. There is a fine sandy beach at Sestre Levante, 14 miles south of Rapallo. This is a most attractive place, though not quite so picturesque as Portofino. The Grand Hotel Jensch charges from about 11s. to 16s. per day during August.

F., Hants. (Spain).—Seville and Granada can be very cold during the winter, and we advise you to make your trip during the early autumn if possible. If you are going abroad in search of warmer weather you should visit Malaga, or some resort on the Mediterranean coast of Spain.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Edinburgh (Cyprus).—The climate of Cyprus is, generally speaking, healthy, and the winters are cool and invigorating. The annual rainfall at Nicosia averages a little over 20 inches, most of which falls in the months December to March, but a number of warm and sunny days can be relied upon throughout this period. The heat of the plains in the summer is intense and trying to English people, though it is dry (except on the coast). There are several hill resorts accessible by motor car in two or three hours where the summer can be passed in eminently healthy surroundings. The shade temperature on Troodos, altitude 6,000 ft., seldom rises above 90° Fah. The best time to visit Cyprus is from October to mid-May. Ordinary clothing suitable for both English summer and winter should be taken. The best hotels charge about 8s. to 12s. a day, though charges are somewhat higher in the hill resorts. The principal language of the island is modern Greek, but English is widely understood. There is some very delightful wooded and mountain scenery in Cyprus, and facilities for tennis, golf, riding, bathing, and shooting.

McD., Dublin (Italy).—Capri has a pleasant winter climate, sunny and mild, with mean monthly temperature of 50·5° in December, 48·4° in January, 48·8° in February, and 51° in March. There are daily steam-boat services from the island to Sorrento and Naples. The leading hotel there is the Quisisana, a smaller hotel being the International. The return 1st-class fare from London to Naples by Orient Line is £27.

L., Belfast (Tunbridge Wells).—Tunbridge Wells is situated at a height of 200 to 500 feet on the borders of Sussex and Kent, and is surrounded by pretty woodland and pastoral scenery. It is open only to the west, and is built upon a dry subsoil over sandstone. The climate is sunny and bracing, the air being fine and dry. We can recommend the Spa Hotel there, which faces south with good views over the common and a wide stretch of open country, and adjoins the golf course.

N., Merioneth (Jamaica). — Fyffes Line quote an inclusive fare of £85 for a 44 days' trip to the West Indies, visiting Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Cristobal, Port Limon, and Kingston, including a four- or five-day stay in Kingston at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, one of the finest hotels in the West Indies. There are sailings from Avonmouth on November 17 and December 1, 15, and 29, with further sailings in 1936. The ordinary return fare to Jamaica direct is £50.

K., London (France).—Divonne-les-Bains is a thermal station in the Jura Mountains, 1,700 ft. up facing south and overlooking Lake Leman. It is sheltered from the north and has a dry climate. There is an 18-hole golf course and two good hotels, the Chicago Hotel and the Golf Hotel, there being also several smaller hotels.

D., Notts. (Cruise).—A short cruise at the end of September is that of the *Montrose*, of the Canadian Pacific Line, which leaves London on September 28 for a nine days' cruise to Spain, Portugal, and Morocco. The fare ranges from £9.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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